

MAY 1937



*The American*  
**LEGION**  
M O N T H L Y





*But when the market closes*  
I RELAX with a MILD whisky

With the day's din behind you, it's vital to your well-being to RELAX. When you drink, pick a pleasingly MILD whisky, COBBS CREEK — a whisky gentle and satisfying as your cigarette. No bite. No sharpness. Yet it has strength aplenty—a full 90 proof. Each sip is an invitation to relax and forget the cares of the day.  
Continental Distilling Corporation, Phila., Pa.



**Cobbs Creek**  
90 Proof BLENDED WHISKY

LIKE YOUR CIGARETTE



*it's Mild*



## "IT ISN'T A RICH MAN'S GADGET"

[ From the letter of a working man who paid half-a-week's wage for his shaver, and wouldn't sell it for \$100 if he couldn't buy another ]

Wealth cannot buy more shaving comfort, for it is the same Schick Shaver that is used in humble cottages and in luxurious homes. It brings more pleasure into a man's life than any other personal possession *yet it is the cheapest way to shave.*

It is not an expensive, tricky *gadget* but a new and revolutionary way to shave that is fast changing the shaving habits of the world.

### *This Amazing Truth*

We thought at first that only men with money would buy the Schick Shaver. To our astonishment we found that working men—truck drivers, policemen, postmen, laborers—insisted on giving up the old lather-and-blade method of shaving to use the Schick.

### *How Much Longer Will You Wait?*

More than a million men are daily Schick users. Every day brings new users by the thousand. Doesn't this convince you that it is only a question of time when all men will use a Schick Shaver?

Why do you put off another day the joy of comfortable, painless shaving without lather and blades?

### *There's A Dealer Near You*



Any Schick dealer will demonstrate the shaver to you, explain the advantages of electrical shaving, and tell you how you save enough on blades, soap, creams, etc., to pay for the Schick over and over again.

SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONN. Western Distributor: Edises, Inc., San Francisco  
In Canada, Henry Birks & Sons, Ltd., and other leading stores. (Canadian price, \$16.50.)

**SCHICK**  **SHAVER**



*For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.*

MAY, 1937

# The American LEGION MONTHLY

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*Please report change of address to Indianapolis office, including old and new addresses. Allow five weeks for change to become operative. An issue already mailed to old address will not be forwarded by post office unless subscriber sends extra postage to post office. Notifying this magazine well in advance of impending address change will obviate this expense.*

**A**S PLANS for the great invitation pilgrimage to France and Italy next September and October take definite form, there is every reason to believe that there will be more applicants than space available, and that there will be a waiting list of late comers. Ten thousand is the limit—a limitation placed for very obvious reasons of steamship space and hotel accommodations available. The first announcement brought such a flood of requests for information and applications for reservations that the 1937 Foreign Pilgrimage Committee has been working overtime, and, while answering inquiries, completing the final details of the trip. The committee has announced that the rule of first come, first served will be strictly adhered to.

**T**HERE has been nothing like it offered to veterans of the World War, and probably such an opportunity will not come again—at least not while the fellows are young enough to enjoy the trip and nimble enough to get about. The Legion pilgrims will not only have the very lowest rates on first-class liners, but will be the guests of the Government of France for six days after arrival on French soil—that is, those leaving New York between September 20th and October 9th—which includes hotel accommodations, meals, and transportation on short trips to the battlefields and other points. In short, everything except such items of personal expense as are necessary or desirable.

**I**T IS expected that the Government of Italy will offer inducements comparable to those extended by France. As this is written, final de-

tails with Italy are being worked out and await official confirmation. It can be announced, however, that there has been most definite assurance of greatly reduced hotel rates and railway fares.

**L**ET it not be misunderstood: This is not a pilgrimage to one of our Allied countries alone. Legionnaires who sign up for the trip will have the privilege of visiting either France or Italy, or they may elect to double the pilgrimage and as well take in such other countries or points of interest as they desire.

**J**UST a word about steamship accommodations. This is not a cattle-boat trip, even though the rates offered do indicate cheap accommodations. The passage is a cheap one, made so through the co-operation of the greatest steamship companies whose ships ply between Europe and America, and is for passage on first class and luxury liners. Here are a few that will carry Legion pilgrims: *Normandie*, *Queen Mary*, *Rex*, *Europa*, *Washington*, and *Pennland*, of happy memory to pilgrims of the Second A. E. F. ten years ago. The *Normandie* and *Queen Mary* cross the Atlantic in four and a half days. Return trips will be arranged to suit the convenience or the desire of the Legion pilgrims.

**T**HE cost of transportation has been pared down to a minimum of \$120.40 for round-trip third class passage on the lowest-class boat. Transportation cost on express type ships will average: Third class, \$139; tourist class, \$188; first class, \$276. That means round trip, over and back. Why not plan to go?

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# The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous



## Pleasant Memories of Olden Times Schlitz in "Steinies"

SCHLITZ poured from modern "Steinie" Brown Bottles brings glorious memories of olden days . . . of brown-raftered inns . . . and the finest old-day beers in old, stone steins. Old-day brewmasters labored hard and long to catch the delicious, old-time flavor that Schlitz brews so uniformly, *winter and summer*, into every drop . . . under Precise Enzyme Control.

The uniform goodness of Schlitz is the direct result of years of research and the investment of countless dollars in scientific development of the brewing art. You taste immediately the delicious difference between Schlitz and other beers.

Enjoy it today, in modern "Steinie" Brown Bottles, with health benefits of Sunshine Vitamin D, the finest beer men and science can brew.

*Schlitz "Steinie" Brown Bottles are compact—light in weight—easy to carry—take less space in your refrigerator. Contents same as regular bottle. Also available in the familiar Tall Brown Bottle and Cap-Sealed Can.*

*[You don't have to cultivate a taste for Schlitz . . . you will like it on first acquaintance . . . and ever after.]*

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JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING CO. Milwaukee, Wis.





# SHIRTS...CAPS...TIES *for*

## Memorial Day

Detailed specifications are set forth below, for these brand new Legion shirts and ties, and Post caps. Play safe—make sure you have yours for Memorial Day and order NOW!



### CAP SPECIFICATIONS—Grade A

**MATERIAL**—14-oz. American Legion blue uniform cloth.

**EMBROIDERY**—All embroidery, including the emblem, which is reproduced in colors, is in pure silk.

**TRIMMINGS**—Genuine gold silk piping. Tan sateen lining. Genuine leather sweat band.

**LETTERING**—Two types of lettering available. Style 1 provides for the Post numerals only on the right hand side and state name in full only on the left, directly beneath the emblem. No deviations or additions. Style 2 provides for the Post numerals only on the right hand side, and the town name in full with state name abbreviated on the left (see illustration). Additional or special forms of inscriptions extra. Prices upon application.

**DELIVERY**—Caps are not carried in stock, but made only to special order. Two weeks required for delivery.

### CAP SPECIFICATIONS—Grade B

Same as for Grade A, excepting made without lining, and with less expensive sweat band.

**NOTE**—Serge caps to match state uniforms available at no extra charge. Be sure to specify material name, and weight.

### PRICES

	Any Quantity
Grade A, Style 1 lettering.....	\$2.15 each
Grade A, Style 2 lettering.....	2.40 each
Grade B, Style 1 lettering.....	1.90 each
Grade B, Style 2 lettering.....	2.15 each

### SHIRT SPECIFICATIONS

**STYLE**—Military, full-cut, to insure perfect fit and maximum comfort.

**COLOR**—Legion blue or white.

**MATERIAL**—2 ply, 80 x 80 heavy broadcloth, thoroughly pre-shrunk and guaranteed absolutely fast color.

**EMBROIDERY**—The embroidered collar emblems are beautifully reproduced in colors, and in pure silk.

**TRIMMINGS**—Each shirt is trimmed with Grade A, hard enameled heavily gold plated official uniform buttons.

**SIZES**—Made in a complete range of sizes, from 14 to and including 17 neck, and in all standard sleeve lengths.

**DELIVERY**—Immediate deliveries.

### PRICES

Style 1-W—(white shirt), complete.....\$2.75 each

Style 2-B—(blue shirt) complete.....\$2.95 each

(Ties Extra—See Prices At Right)

**NOTE**—Be sure to specify neck size and sleeve length when ordering.

### TIE SPECIFICATIONS

High-grade, durable silk ties, with and without embroidered Legion emblem, are to be had in three colors, Legion blue, black, and gold.

**STYLE**—Full cut, lined, four-in-hand type.

**COLOR**—Legion blue, black or gold.

**MATERIAL**—Heavy, durable silk.

**EMBLEM**—Available with and without genuine silk embroidered Legion emblem in colors.

**DELIVERY**—Immediate deliveries.

### PRICES

**STYLE A**—Plain, without emblem, in Legion blue, black or gold, 50c each

**STYLE B**—With genuine silk embroidered 1 1/4" Legion emblem applied at end of tie. Available in Legion blue, black or gold, 60c each

(Be Sure to Specify Color when Ordering)

## Handy Order Blank

EMBLEM DIVISION, AMERICAN LEGION HEADQUARTERS,  
777 North Meridian Street, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Here is my check for \$.....in payment of the following:

.....SHIRTS. Color.....Sizes.....

.....CAPS. Grade.....Lettering.....Sizes.....

.....TIES. Color.....Style (Plain or with Emblem).....

### SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS:

In ordering caps, be sure to specify grade, lettering and size.

In ordering shirts, be sure to specify color, size and sleeve length.

In ordering ties, be sure to specify color.

Name.....Street.....

City.....State.....

I am a member of Post No.....Department of.....



# YOU'LL BE OVER- *You're Going* OVER

—and you won't come back till you've visited Rome and Paris as a member of the 1937 Foreign Pilgrimage to Italy and France. You'll probably never have such an opportunity again. And right here The American Legion Monthly is offering you an opportunity within an opportunity—a chance to have your way paid or, if you don't get the big premium, an amount of prize money sufficient to take some of the strain off your wallet. Of the thousands who make the invitation trip this

fall following the close of the New York National Convention (September 20th–23d), there will be hundreds who attended the Paris National Convention of ten years ago. Those who didn't make Paris in 1927 will want to know what they can expect in 1937. They can listen to no better prophets than those members of the Legion and of the Auxiliary who went in 1927.

The American Legion Monthly has inaugurated a prize contest to be based on answers to the question:

## WHAT WAS YOUR MOST INTERESTING EXPERIENCE OF THE 1927 PILGRIMAGE?

What made it interesting is for you to say. It may have been comic, tragic, dramatic, or all three, or something else altogether—it doesn't matter so long as it was interesting. For the best answers submitted to the question, The American Legion Monthly offers:

A FIRST PRIZE of \$250, to be devoted to expenses of the trip, with any remainder paid in cash.

SECOND PRIZE of \$100.

THIRD AND FOURTH PRIZES of \$50 each.

FIFTH TO TENTH PRIZES of \$25 each.

TEN CONSOLATION PRIZES of \$10 each.

Rules governing the contest are as follows:

1. Every contribution must be written (preferably typewritten) on one side of the paper only and limited to 250 words.

2. Give full name and address, and name of Post or Auxiliary Unit.

3. The contest, by its very nature, will be confined almost exclusively to men and women

who actually made the 1927 tour. It is not beyond the realm of possibility, however, that persons who did not make the journey touched it at some point that makes a good story.

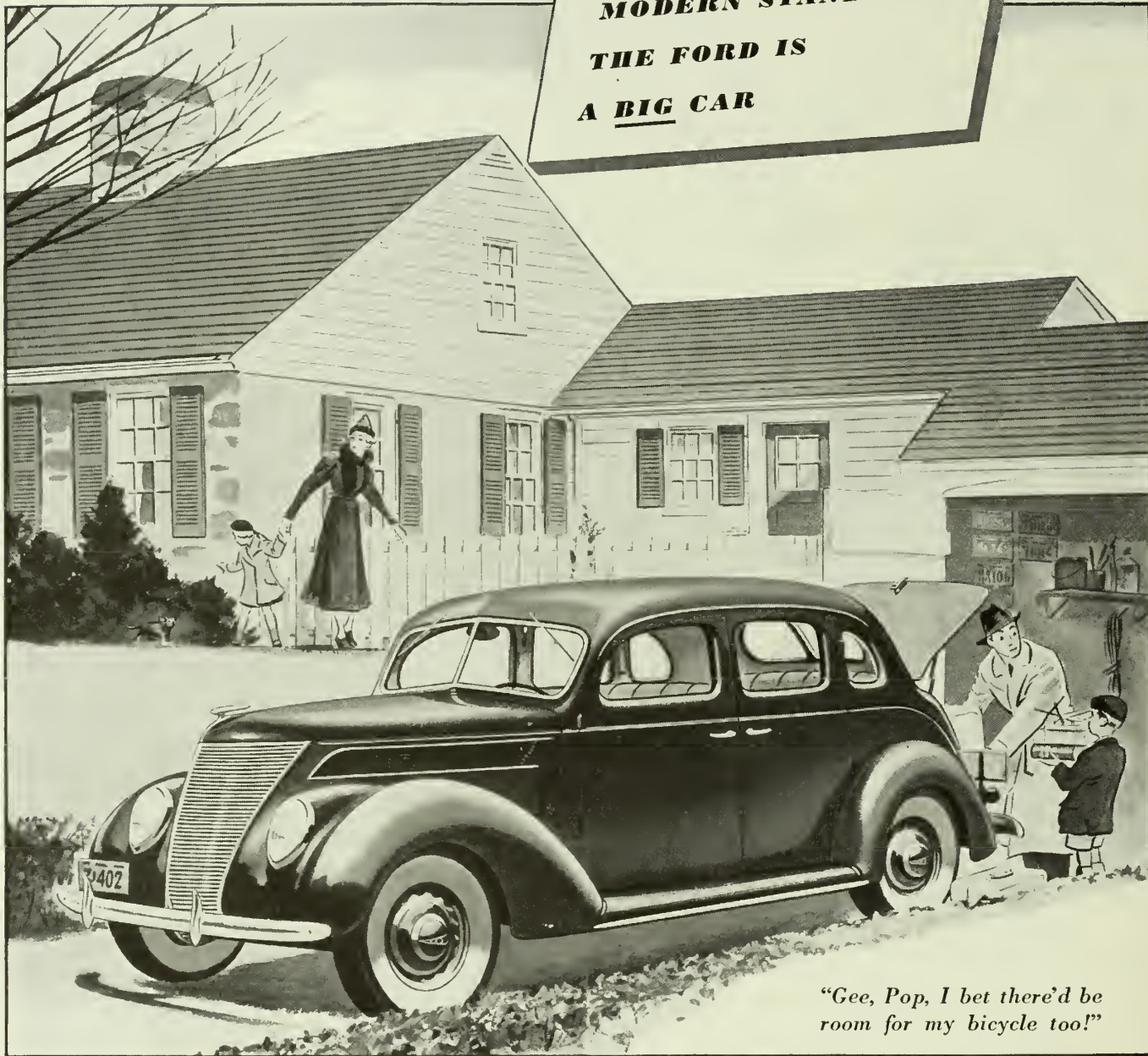
4. The editors of The American Legion Monthly will be the sole judges in the contest, and their decisions will be final.

5. All contributions must be received by May 10th. Prize-winning contributions will be published in the July issue. Address all contributions to 1937 Foreign Pilgrimage Contest, The American Legion Monthly, 521 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

6. No contributions will be returned, nor will the editors enter into correspondence concerning them.



**BY EVERY  
MODERN STANDARD  
THE FORD IS  
A BIG CAR**



*"Gee, Pop, I bet there'd be room for my bicycle too!"*

UP-TO-DATE buyers don't judge cars by the length of their hoods. They have learned that it is the usable space inside the body—the room it gives them—that counts.

Because of skilful design and a compact V-8 engine, the 1937 Ford V-8 has inches more body room than many higher priced cars. More room for



you—more room for your luggage—because the V-type engine requires less. (Two banks of four cylinders each, instead of one long line.)

Extra space means extra comfort. This big-car comfort and big-car performance make the Ford V-8 a really BIG car—with small-car economy. It's THE QUALITY CAR IN THE LOW-PRICE FIELD.

*Ford V-8* **FOR  
1937**



# 10<sup>th</sup> MAN

By  
**JAMES K. GAYNOR**



**T**HREE million youngsters have participated in Legion-sponsored junior baseball. Only one of them has become a professional umpire. Step up and meet Jim Gaynor

A trying situation for a seventeen-year-old umpire? Let someone else try it and see. But I felt pretty good when one of the managers came over and said:

"I had my doubts about you when you came on the field, but you've made good, sonny."

How did it happen that a kid of my age

**I**T WAS a sultry, cloudy afternoon in mid-August, 1929. Four American Legion state championship junior baseball teams had gathered in Fort Wayne, Indiana, to fight it out for a regional championship and the right to represent the region in the eastern finals which were to be played in Washington, D. C. Beyond Washington was the Little World Series—the ambition of every kid baseball player in the country.

Two games were scheduled that afternoon. It was straight elimination—when a team lost one game it was out of the tourney, and its road to the national goal closed for the season. Louisville, Kentucky, had paired with Lafayette, Indiana, for the opening game, which was a long drawn out, one-sided affair with Louisville winning by the wide margin of 26 to 4.

Portsmouth, Ohio, and Battle Creek, Michigan, were up for the second game. It was late afternoon when play started, and the winner was to meet Louisville the next day for the final play-off and the regional junior championship.

It was a trying day for a young umpire. I was only seventeen years old, and the fans, players and managers had seemed resentful at my youth when I came on the field to work the games with Jimmy Shouse, a swell fellow and a darned good umpire from Jasonville, Indiana. I worked the bases in the first game and then took my place back of the plate to call balls and strikes in the second game.

Portsmouth and Battle Creek fought for eight scoreless innings, and then in the ninth, when it was growing dark, Portsmouth pushed across two runs. It was Battle Creek's last chance when its team came to bat. The first man up was out. Then Battle Creek loaded the bases. Rizer, the pitcher, was up and in a mighty effort to win his own game he smashed out a terrific line drive for two bases, bringing in two men and tying the score. The next two men struck out—and the game was called on account

of darkness. This circumstance meant that these teams would have to play another game the next morning to decide which should meet Louisville in the afternoon. A great howl to "keep the game going" went up from the stands.

was umpiring Legion championship games? I'll get to that in a minute.

I guess my first love was baseball, for as soon as I was big enough to hold a baseball bat I had one. At the age of six I went to see every game played by the semi-pro team in my home town of Greensburg, Indiana. As I began to grow up I played sandlot baseball, and like most boys had visions of being a big-league star, but soon found out I did not have what it takes. Still, I played at every opportunity. In time, however, I became more interested in the technical side of the game, and often umpired on the sandlots. Long before I was out of grade school I knew the rule book forward and backward, and I remember once, while in the seventh grade, I was called out of a manual training class to decide a question of rule interpretation in a game that was being played on a nearby diamond.

In the spring of 1927 I learned that the amateur leagues in nearby Cincinnati were looking for umpires, and although not yet in my fifteenth year I tackled the officials for a job. They gave me a chance, and I umpired what I like to think of as my first really honest-to-goodness game at Sharonville, Ohio, May 22, 1927. I didn't get along so well that year, but for five successive years I worked in the Cincinnati amateur leagues, and eventually had the satisfaction of making the grade.

Early in 1928 Joe Welch Post of The American Legion, in Greensburg, started to sponsor junior baseball. Charles (Red)

Maston, now Department Commander of Indiana, was in charge. I wanted to play, but he insisted that I was a better umpire than player, and they were going to be hard put to get umpires. Finally he sold

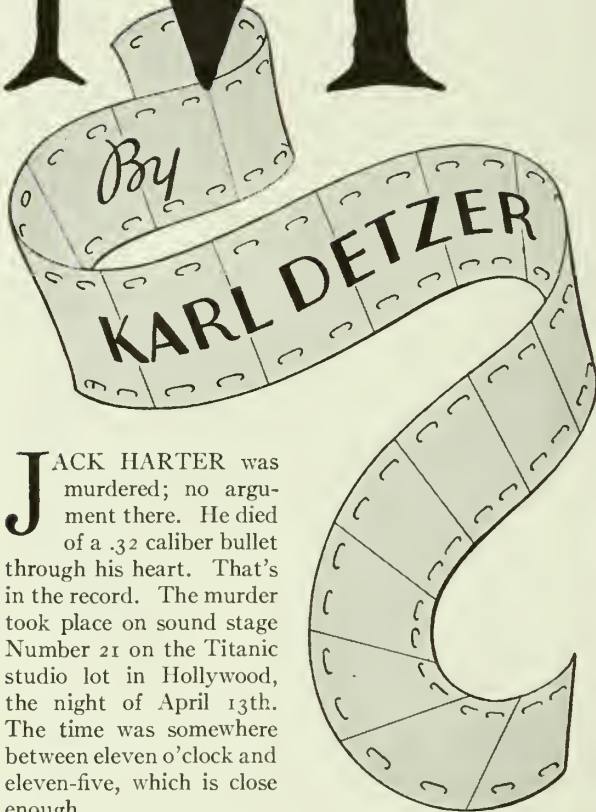
me on the idea, and I divided my vacation time between umpiring local Legion games and in the amateur leagues of Cincinnati.

One day, the next spring, in Cincinnati (Continued on page 46)





# MURDER



**J**ACK HARTER was murdered; no argument there. He died of a .32 caliber bullet through his heart. That's in the record. The murder took place on sound stage Number 21 on the Titanic studio lot in Hollywood, the night of April 13th. The time was somewhere between eleven o'clock and eleven-five, which is close enough.

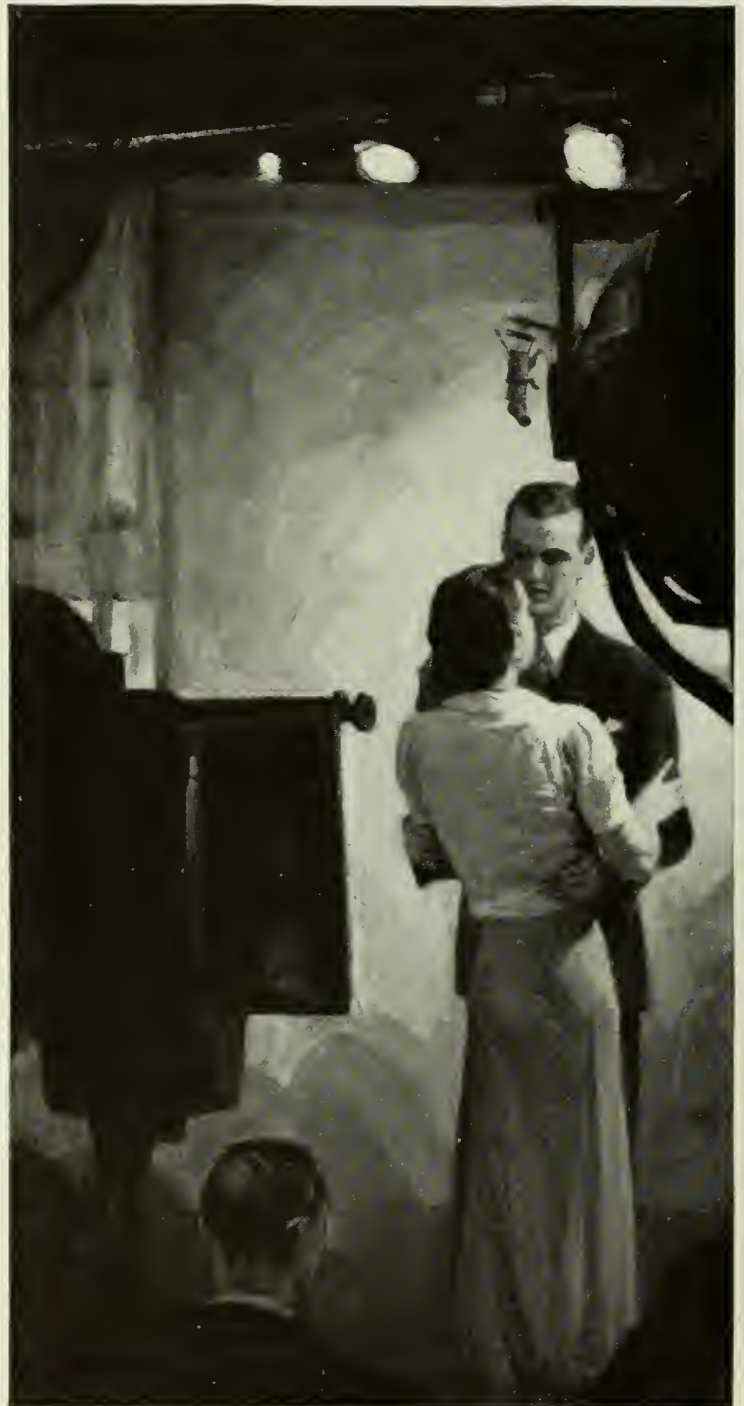
This much is history and nobody denies it. So why do I bring it up? Because this month the Hollywood fan magazines began picking the case to pieces again, saying the whole story hasn't been told; ran pictures of Jack Harter, and Marie Fleming, and Sam Masterford, and Joe Gatski, and Joan Nelson, and Rose Graham, with question marks all around them. One of the magazines even used my picture. It said, "Has property man told all?" Think of that!

It must be quite a job to get out a fan magazine, now that the Barrymores are all settled down. The writers have to have something to write about, I suppose. But there isn't any mystery in the Jack Harter case, and never was, except between eleven o'clock that night and four in the morning. By the time the city police got there (and I admit we were a bit slow in calling them) all the cops needed to do was write the answer down in the book.

I'm telling it now, just the way it happened, so that there needn't be any more pictures surrounded by question marks.

To begin with, there were thirteen of us on Stage 21 at the instant the murder occurred, on the night of the thirteenth, and maybe that had something to do with it, and maybe not. Thirteen on the stage, and one man guarding the door.

It had been a tough day on Joe Gatski's unit. Gatski was the supervisor, what's called an associate producer on some lots. He



was the big shot on this particular production, understand, responsible to the front office for bringing it in under schedule and holding down costs and making it good box-office. He picked the story, and the writers, and the director, and the star, and the extras, and the camera and sound crews, everybody. It was his baby.

This was a fourteen-day job, according to the production

**They went through the motions, but the scene wasn't getting across**



# *in the* MOVIES



charts, which means that from the time the camera first turned over on it till the last retake was in the cutting room, would be two weeks. And not ten minutes over. What's more, it looked as if we'd beat the schedule, too.

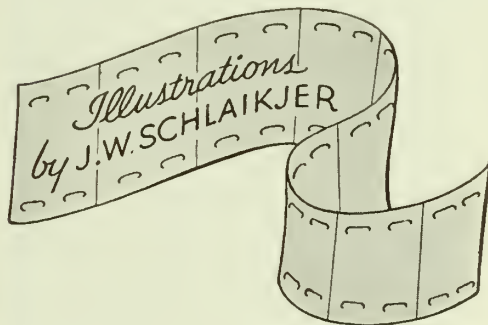
We started grinding the morning of the first, and here it was the thirteenth at eleven o'clock at night, and only one shot to finish before midnight, and we'd wrap it up in thirteen days. Thirteenth of the month, thirteen days of shooting, and thirteen people on the sound stage, and up pops a murder. Quite a

combination of cause and effect, if you believe some people.

That morning the call board had us booked for a location shot out in Cahuenga Pass at eight o'clock. We had that shot in the can before eleven, and were at the studio and through with lunch and all set up to go on the back lot at one o'clock. This was a trucking shot in the Paris street, a retake of one we'd done the week before. Joe Gatski had picked it to pieces in the rushes, and ordered Sam Masterford to shoot it over.

Then we went back to the sound stage and worked in a couple of added comedy gags that Gatski had figured out which couldn't have got by the Hays office, but we shot them anyhow. Everything going fine, you see, until three o'clock, and then Gatski came out on the stage and began to cause trouble. He didn't think we were putting our heart into his gags, so he turned on the old temperament. That was easy for Gatski.

You'd think from the way he hollered and swooned and swore that this was a million-dollar opus we were shooting. But it wasn't. It was a little item called "Back of the Boulevard." Maybe you remember it, that mystery piece laid in Paris where an American detective saves the life of the Park Avenue girl. If it cost a nickel over a hundred grand to produce, well, the business manager must have been cheating again. Just an ordinary



Class B flicker, for double runs in the nabe houses—that's all it was intended for.

Marie Fleming was the star and Jack Harter played opposite her. Funny coincidence, too, because Jack used to be her husband, and not so long ago, either. She married him in 1931, when they both were just a couple of contract players. By the next year her name was in the lights on the marquee, a full time star. And in 1931 she met Clem Batting, and she divorced Jack and married Clem before you could say Joseph B. Mankiewicz.

Jack never was a star and never would be. But everybody figured he was good for male leads for ten more years and for good character parts the rest of his life. He was a good actor, you see, but not one of these pretty boys.

I say it was a coincidence, Marie and Jack playing opposite



each other. But nothing more than that. They didn't get hostile to each other the way a lot of people do after the divorce. It was always "Hi, Jack!" when she met him, and he'd answer "Lo, Marie!" and they'd act glad to see each other. Why, one night the newspapers got pictures of them dancing together at the Troc.

You'd think that it would be easy to handle them in a love scene, then, wouldn't you? Well, it wasn't. Sam Masterford, the director of this opus, had plenty of trouble wherever they got together. And in this fade-out shot, it was a real headache.

Oh, they went through all the motions of falling into each other's arms; they followed the book on dialogue; and he planted the kiss on her lips for a good long ten count. But somehow, it didn't jell. It was phony, if you get what I mean. The customers wouldn't believe it in a thousand years.

So here we were, on the night of April 13th, making the fade-out again. It was a simple dolly shot, of the two of them going into the clinch, while the camera trucked forward on them. Do it right once, and the picture'd be finished.

It's always a tough proposition, in the last hours of any production, whether it's a colossal super-super or just a plain quicky. Like an orchestra winding up faster and faster for the final big um-pah. Nerves are ready to snap, and the emotions come right up to the skin where it's worn thin. It takes only one small drink to get a man drunk on the clean-up night. You get mad easy, and you find yourself laughing like hell at something that really isn't funny. And you're just as like as not to fall in love with anybody that happens to be around.

I can't explain it exactly. But ask anybody that's ever worked in a studio. Grover Jones ought to write a piece about it.

To make things worse this night, here was Joe Gatski being a general nuisance and giving bad advice and getting in everybody's way. Sam Masterford, the director, was trying to hold things together. He was sweating and pale. It was like trying to drive a four-horse chariot with Joe Gatski scaring the horses. We started shooting the fade-out at eight o'clock, and had made two takes on it, neither of which satisfied Masterford, and were in the middle of the third when Gatski hollered, "Cut!"

"What's wrong with that?" Jack Harter asked.

"Everything," Gatski answered. He could have an insulting voice when he wanted to, and this night he sure did want to. "There's two ways of doing that scene, Harter," he said, "Clark Gable's way and your way. And strange as it may seem, the people like Gable's way best. You better try it."

Sam Masterford said, "I thought they were going through it pretty well that time, Joe."

Joe didn't even look at him. He just said, "You thought, did you? You better tell it to Louella, so she can put it in her newspaper colyum. 'Sam Masterford has a thought.'"

Sam started to answer, then he put his hands in the pockets of his slacks and walked slowly out into the lights. Sweat was running off his long, thin nose and his lips were moving in and out, but he wasn't saying anything.

"What about it, Sam?" Marie asked.

"We'll rest a few minutes," the director answered. "Then we'll do it again."

The gaffer—he's the chief electrician—hollered "Save 'em!" and the light operators up on the scaffolds threw their switches and the big floods and stone lights went out, and the spots and baby spots on the floor dimmed. Marie was still in Jack's arms all this time. He sort of pushed her away now and crossed to his dressing table and sat down and began to pat his forehead with a piece of cotton, very carefully, to take off the perspiration without smearing the make-up. And Joan Nelson, the hairdresser, came up behind Marie and started to fix her back hair where it had got mussed up in Jack's arms.

Marie's stand-in was over by the bulletin board, and Marie called to her: "You run along home, honey. I'll not need you again tonight."

Her voice seemed to startle Joe Gatski, for he got up quickly and walked out to the middle of the set.

"Listen, you two!" he yelled. "You, Fleming, and you, Harter. I'm sick of this. Me, spending all this money to get a fade-out right, and you double-crossing me! Now, when you put on that scene, put it on hot! What I mean, hot!"

Gatski was a little man, about forty years old, with a bay window like a basketball and a voice like a baseball umpire's. He began tramping up and down now, and his heels, hitting the floor, made echoes up against the roof, in spite of the acoustic lining. And as soon as he was through with Marie and Jack, he turned on Masterford.

"You call yourself a director?" he hollered. "A director! Why, you couldn't direct a dog and pony act! You know this is costing me money? You know what money is? Or don't you know anything?"

Masterford didn't answer, just kept on sweating, all over his pale, high, narrow forehead, and blinking his gray eyes behind his thick glasses. A good director, Sam Masterford, even if he did get his start in horse operas. He looked at his watch after a while and called, "Ready, Marie? How about you, Jack? Okay, then. All ready, everybody. This is going to be the one we print."

He always said that when things weren't breaking right, and he had to shoot a scene over and over. Sort of pep talk. All directors use it. It's their idea of psychology.

Well, we all were hoping he was right this time. Rose Graham, the script girl, held her script book up so no one could see her yawn, and went back to the little folding chair in front of the camera and sat down.

The three men on the scaffolds got set, and when Otto Schmidt, the gaffer, yelled "Lights!" they threw on the heat. The set wasn't much, just a plain interior with a window and a sunlight arc shining through it, and a table with some books on it down left, and this door. In the previous scene Jack had come in the door and halted, and then the camera panned around to show Marie looking at him. She lifted her arms to him slowly while the

**It lay there in the half light of the studio, and one of the twelve was responsible**





camera trucked forward, and then the script called for a cut to this dolly shot of the two of them.

We started in on it again, the fourth take since supper. Some directors would have been boiling, but Sam stayed cool, on the surface at least. The cameras were grinding, and everybody was hoping this would be the last one when Gatski began to yell again.

"If I wanted Ann Harding in this production, I'd hire her," he said to Marie. "Who ever gave you the idea that the fade-out was supposed to cool off the audience? The idea is to send 'em out heated up!"

Marie answered, in a voice everybody could hear, "You're a worm, Joe."

"After how I build you up!" he screamed. "Talking to me like that! Why, you little—" but he choked up trying to find a word.

"Come on, everybody. Our nerves are shaky. Let's rest again. Get out and take a breath of air." He hesitated and added quickly, "But no liquor, understand that!"

"Give us fifteen minutes, Sam?" Marie begged.

"Sure," he answered, and the gaffer yelled to save 'em and the lights went out again, and Joe Gatski groaned, remembering he was paying the grips and the camera crew and the sound men overtime.

"I'll go over to Charley's and get a cup of coffee," Marie explained. "Come on, Jack."

We watched them leave the set, Marie and her ex-husband, arm in arm, and I couldn't help thinking what a screwy business the movies turned out to be. How anybody can keep his senses!

When they had gone, Joe Gatski said to himself, "A worm, eh?"



"Who knocked him off?" Gatski repeated. "Why, Marie did it"

"Hold everything, Mr. Gatski!" Jack Harter hollered. "Don't say it to her!"

"Oh," Joe answered, surprised, because featured players aren't in the habit of speaking up to supervisors. "So you don't want us to pick up your option, eh?"

"I don't give a damn," Jack told him, and you could see he meant it. "I'm through with pictures."

"You said it," Joe snapped.

"And with you pot-bellied leeches that—"

Sam Masterford broke in.

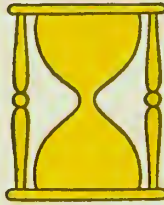
After all I done for her! And that louse thinking he could get away with taking her part!"

He started to walking again, back beyond another set, at the other side of the sound stage, and his heels hit the floor, bang, bang, bang. Marie and Jack were gone about fifteen minutes, maybe twenty. It was five minutes to eleven when they got back, according to Murphy's watch. Murphy was the studio policeman at the stage door who checked every last person in and out.

The way we knew they were back was (Continued on page 55)



# A JOB DONE, *a* JOB *to* DO



*By* Watson *B. Miller*

Director NATIONAL REHABILITATION COMMITTEE  
THE AMERICAN LEGION

THE United States is catching up with and amplifying a program of social security for the benefit of all its citizens which The American Legion started seventeen years ago for the benefit of those rendered socially insecure by the fortunes of war.

The Legion's fight for social security and a restoration of the vested American right of equality of opportunity in a competitive world to those handicapped by war began in the disillusioning days of that conflict's aftermath. Similarly with the people of the whole United States in their larger undertaking, calculated to eliminate from our economic and social structure the more obvious flaws responsible for the collapse of 1929 and to restore a greater measure of opportunity for all to enjoy a fairer share of the fruits of the earth. Not until the old system had broken down and the prophets of evil, taking counsel of despair, were proclaiming the end of almost everything, did we really buckle down to the job of pulling ourselves out of the pit.

This year of 1937 should see us back on the plateau of prosperity attained in the twenties, and in a world reconditioned for the better. Banks are safer, stocks and bonds are safer, miles of city slums have given way to decent habitations, millions of acres of rural slums called submarginal land are being reclaimed along with the people who are trying to make a living on them. Funds are being created so that in the future when a wage earner grows too old to work he will have a pension to live on. So much, sketchily, to indicate the nature of the broad na-

tional program of social security with which blends the smaller though vital one the Legion began during the very first year of its life.

In each case the goal is about the oldest thing we have in America—namely, a perpetuation of the ideal of the greatest good to the greatest number. In colonial times this liberal ideal became the chief distinguishing characteristic of the American way of life. Benjamin Franklin liked to point this out, saying that in 1775 an American citizen was the freest civilized man in the world, with the broadest opportunities before him and an established right to the fairest share of the products of his toil. To protect this privilege we fought the Revolution and to save it set up a republic, then a radical experiment in government.



World wide is the fame of the highly efficient Government Leprosarium at Carville, Louisiana, where World War veterans suffering from the disease undergo treatment





**A sanctuary of health and an invitation to well-being—the administration building of the Veterans Administration Facility at Lyons, New Jersey**

will be largely completed next year. The result is the world's finest system of institutions for the healing of the ills of man. Its contributions to the medical science and the national well-being will in time transcend in social importance the original mission of caring for afflicted war veterans.

To obtain the benefits of disability compensation which the Government made available to the veteran it was necessary for him to establish that his disabilities were due to military or naval service. The burden of proof was on the applicant, and still is. Without proper representation before the various boards of the Veterans Administration—then called the Veterans Bureau—before which they were obliged to appear, thousands of men would have received less than their real entitlement. The Legion, therefore, became their advocate. This task was assumed by the National Rehabilitation Committee, which has handled tens of thousands of individual cases.

This phase of the work led to the first important

The republic lasted and so did the social ideal on which it was based, though both have had their dark hours. On the whole a sane state of balance has been maintained between communism on one hand and capitalistic autocracy on the other. While opportunity for the common man has always been good in America, sometimes it has not been good enough. While those with a native gift for laying up riches have always had a field for the exercise of their talents, sometimes that field has become too large and spacious. But always a readjustment has taken place.

The Legion's part in the picture began with a vigorous advocacy of proper care for the war's disabled and their dependents. No one for a moment denied the Government's obligation to these men and their families, or that thirty dollars a month was insufficient compensation for a totally disabled man. Without much trouble the Legion got this raised to eighty dollars, with additional allowances for dependents. The first real difference of opinion came over the question of whether the Government should build and maintain hospitals to care for those who should still require treatment or whether they should entrust them, under contract, to state, city and private institutions. For reasons which I think should be obvious the Legion insisted upon government-owned hospitals, of which there were few in existence to care for World War veterans. It won the fight for this principle in 1920 and a building program was begun which

fight for a liberalization of the law concerning eligibility to benefits. It became apparent that while in many cases official service connection could not be established the possibility of such a relation was so strong that to deny these border line cases treatment and compensation would be a miscarriage of justice. By amassing medical opinion and citing individual cases the Legion was able in 1924 to obtain hospital care and financial compensation for veterans suffering from tuberculosis, mental and certain other diseases of long periods of incubation and development when identified prior to January 1, 1925, on the theory of a presumptive connection with their war service. This was a great step forward and, in a way, a shifting of the burden of proof. It was not achieved without strong opposition. In the first eighteen months of the operation of this amendment to the law 55,000 veterans and their dependents were benefited by it.

**A**T THE same time another and still more forward-looking proposal was brought to successful conclusion. Veterans for whom not even the presumption of a service connection existed were in need of treatment, and had no money to pay for it. The Legion proposed that the government hospitals be opened to such men, service-connected cases, of course, having priority. President Coolidge agreed that the principle be applied to existing beds. There was some (Continued on page 46)



# Keep the TOM-

By

CHARLES W. CRUSH

*Commander, Department of Virginia*

THE AMERICAN LEGION



Hell-bent for the morgue

WHEN things happen like this you begin to wonder: I was driving on Broad Street in Richmond a short time ago enroute to a conference with two safety experts. I had the traffic lights with me and was wheeling along about twenty-five miles an hour. Suddenly a buxom colored woman emerged from between two parked cars and leisurely began to angle across the street. She was timed perfectly to run into the radiator of my car. She looked neither to the right nor to the left. I bore down on the brake and stopped with the car's bumper against her skirt.

"Mammy," I cried angrily, "don't you know better than to jay-walk! If I hadn't had brakes you'd be a dead woman now."

She smiled agreeably. "Says which, capt'in, suh? I'm jest gonna go to the stoah and—"

"Don't you know it's against the law to cut diagonally across the street? Don't you know you've no right in the street except at an intersection?"

She regarded me patiently. "When Ah goes to Dunn's Ah allus cuts over heah thisaway." She paused, and then added firmly, "Ah allus has 'n Ah allus will." She swept on to the car track, turned, grinned, "Capt'in, suh, we was walkin' heah long afore y'all had automobiles, yessuh. 'N Ah 'spects we all be walkin' heah aftah automobiles is gone. Thank you, Capt'in suh, fer lettin' me by."

I prayed in an unprayerful way, muttering, "She's just an accident waiting for the law of averages to catch up with her." But because I was thinking about her case, I noticed seventy-five people in the next ten blocks jay-walking in just that manner, ducking against the light—and every one of them blandly depending on the car drivers to watch out for them. If a driver didn't watch out carefully he could mow the street in the manner of a machine gun.

## THIS IS THE SYSTEM THAT ENABLED LEGIONNAIRE ROBERT CARTER'S TRUCKING FIRM TO WIN THE NATIONAL SAFETY AWARD:

1. Rigid inspection of equipment. State inspection means nothing to Carter Brothers because "a truck can run fifty miles and develop a defect that might cause an accident before the next inspection."
2. Each driver serves a two to three year apprenticeship as a helper before he is permitted to take the wheel, which weeds out "sleepers" and accident-prone men.
3. Health of men carefully watched. Insurance carried on drivers and premium paid by the company until the man has an accident. Then he must pay it himself.
4. An extra week's vacation each year with pay to the driver who finishes without an accident.
5. A company traffic court composed of twelve drivers hears all the evidence in an accident, minor or otherwise, and establishes the guilt or innocence of the driver. The judgment of this court is final with driver and employer.
6. Regular meetings of drivers discuss methods of operation, safety precautions and condition of equipment.
7. Continuous drilling of drivers in road courtesy, considerate treatment of all motorists and pedestrians, and the necessity of keeping safety always uppermost when on the road.
8. "The human factor is the chief consideration if you intend to prevent accidents," says Carter.
9. Drivers must obey every traffic regulation and rule of the road. Any violation is subject to trial before the traffic court.



# TOMS

# Beating



Treat 'em rough  
when they trifle  
with lives—their  
own and ours

Illustrations by  
WILL GRAVEN

He was polite and interested, and it was a fair question. After all, the Department of Virginia has been driving for three years at safety on the highway, in the home, in the school, in the water and in physical activities. There should be some results. And as Department Commander I was pledged to keep on with the job, and was staying up nights to do it.

"Fine," I told him. "We cut the accident total seventeen percent in 1936."

But I went to my appointment determined to be able to give more facts than that. My conference was with Frank Rennie, present chairman of our safety committee, and Bob Carter, who had held the chair for the preceding two years. Both men are in the motor trucking business. Frank Rennie operates a fleet of dairy trucks and Bob Carter's firm won the National Safety

Award in 1936 given by the American Trucking Association. With hundreds of trucking firms entered with fleets of thousands of trucks, this meant something. And Frank and Bob being hepped on safety, they knew all the answers.

"For years," I said, "we of Virginia have been preaching safety. Not a school, not a church, not an auditorium but has had a Legion speaker. Almost every one of our one hundred sixty-nine posts have put on safety demonstrations. We've used the movies, the radio, the newspapers, and public speakers. We've pounded the tom-toms until the echo should make us deaf. Is it getting any place? You're the experts. How *are* we doing?"

Frank took the floor. To discuss it intelligently (he said) we have to divide the problem into three parts—driver's physical condition, law and punishment, and education of children from primary school to entrance into college.

Starting with the physical condition, you'll have to admit that the modern car is all right. Now that we've got motor car inspection which has ruled the junk-heaps off the road, the blame for accidents must almost always rest with the driver. The first kind of driver is the accident-prone operator. He doesn't co-ordinate, he doesn't react in a normal manner and it's just a question of time before he has an accident, minor or serious.

I know such a man. He got his operator's license three years ago. Since then—without any further examination, mind you—his eyesight has failed until he can't recognize his own daughter across the road. He never drives over twenty-five miles an hour; he obeys every traffic rule and regulation; on the highways in the country he blocks traffic with his slowness and causes accidents. He'll have one himself if he goes on. His license should be taken up. The only way to get him and his kind off the road is to have a stringent physical examination. Do we have it in Virginia now? No. That takes aroused public opinion to put over, and the beating of the tom-toms brings us nearer to the day.

Under physical you can (Continued on page 44)

The worst name  
you could think  
of isn't strong  
enough for him





# ROME - *via*



Looking across the new Via Triumphale at Rome, with the Forum at the left and the tower of the Campodoglio, the ancient Capitol, alongside it. The marble Victor Emanuel II Memorial, in which is the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, dominates the scene

I LIVED and worked in Paris for eleven and a half years. I lived and worked in Rome for three and a half years. I've known both 'those entrancing cities in sad days and gay, in torrid heat and clammy cold, in searing storm and glamorous sunshine. I speak the languages of both France and Italy to the point where, though they feel I'm not a native, they can't tell whether I'm English or American or Great Dane. In fact, I know both capitals far, far better than I know my native Boston or my adopted New York.

So I think you can believe me, fellow Legionnaires, when I solemnly affirm that the best time to see them both is in October. I'm not a propagandist. The governments of France and Italy aren't soaking their respective taxpayers on my behalf. I'm just a fat and forty-fiveish little man (see Wally's cartoons) who since the pup-tent and straddle-trench era of 1917 has grown a bit finicky about his comfort, his baths, his weather and his vittles. And, being such, I can tell you that if I myself were planning such a trip as you guys are having offered you at the end of the forthcoming national convention in New York next September, I'd pick October to do it in.

Let's start with Paris. By October all the swells and the schoolmarms of America have gone back home, and you can actually get a seat in the Dome and Coupole in Montparnasse. People can rave all they please about the horse-chestnut trees in bloom in the Luxembourg gardens in April, but I prefer my roasted chestnuts, served in a newspaper wrapper, from the ambulatory Auvergnat on the corner, browned over his little



Through the arcades of St. Peter's, the ever present sidewalk cafes



# P A R I S

By  
*Hudson Hawley*

A Paris bookstall along the Grands Boulevards. Below, looking up the Rue Royale to the Church of the Madeleine, with the inevitable open-air restaurant in the foreground



charcoal stove, and eaten on the spot. The boys with the big bank rolls can have their *Grande Semaine* or Large Week in June, with all the Indian rajahs and American millionaires and Greek gamblers and fancy clothes and prices and ladies and gigolos, but in October Paris becomes really French and homebody and even rustic again. That's the Paris I'd like you all to get to know and love, as I have. It's worth the effort.

There's an honest tang to the October air that opens the eye and quickens the step and makes the inevitable hiking of sightseeing an exhilarating pleasure instead of the long-drawn-out torture to toes and torsoes that it can be in sweltry July and August. And toward eventide, it gets just nippy enough so that even the most ardent back-home Prohibitionist will welcome the excuse to sit down on the *terrasse* of a café and leisurely sip a good hot rum (*grog américain*) while he toasts his weary feet by a flame-belching brazier.

Paris, as everybody should know, is the world's eatingest city. (Except perhaps Brussels.) In October it zooms to its zenith. First you have the oysters, from the pudgy Cancales that resemble our own luscious (Continued on page 50)





The Great White Way  
For food, drink, play

The City Hall  
Is heart of all



# The SIDEWALKS

By

JAMES G. HARBORD

*Major General, U.S.A., Retired  
President The American Legion 1937  
Convention Corporation*

YOU will see her this September, the great bronze goddess standing on her island in New York harbor and holding her bright torch aloft—Liberty Enlightening the World. Twenty years ago she watched many of you sail to fight in France, whose people gave her to us. Perhaps you had only a brief glimpse of her as orders hurried you below decks. But nothing barred the glorious sight she was when those of you who came through sailed back across the Atlantic and she welcomed you home.

This fall she greets all Legionnaires, though most of you will come by land and not by sea and she will not be your first view. If she could, she would step down from her pedestal, meet you at the station and present The American Legion with a scroll giving it the freedom of the City of New York.

Once more the broad streets of the city will echo to the tread of marching feet and the martial blare of bands, as they did in the months after November, 1918. But this time veterans of the New York and Regular Divisions, whose victory parades Fifth Avenue witnessed, will be reinforced by comrades from every State and columns will stream on for hour on hour. New York, long accustomed to processions, will be given the best by the Legion.

The vast city chosen for your convention covers 309 square miles, and is one of the truly historic towns of the western world.

The Times Square-Fifth Avenue skyline, with Radio City (Convention Corporation Headquarters) dominant. The area here shown includes, among scores of hotels, the Lincoln, the Piccadilly, the Times Square, the Astor, and the Plaza group





Broadway's first seen  
At Bowling Green



Here Coney's lights  
Make days of nights



# NEW YORK

of

*Photographs by*

CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING



It is not hard for a visitor to get lost; many New Yorkers do when they leave their familiar route between home and work. Yet all you need do is ask your way of a policeman—who may very well be a member of the Legion. Of the five boroughs of Greater New York—Manhattan, Brooklyn, Queens, the Bronx, and Richmond (Staten Island)—all except the Bronx are on islands. But it has been years since anybody complained of being marooned. Great bridges and under-river tubes (railroad, subway, and vehicular), and ferryboats serve as connecting links.

You will find yourself surrounded by a teeming population which last year was estimated at 7,363,000, including folks from virtually every county in the Union, and every foreign nation. The numerous veterans of foreign birth or descent who served the United States, their country, so honorably in the war, can discover segments of their motherland in New York.

Thousands of Italians live around Mulberry Bend, Germans in Yorkville, Finns in Brooklyn. Irish everywhere, of course, and Jews from bearded patriarchs to such descendants of the fighting Maccabees as may have helped you storm a machine gun nest. So many Russians that they have their own cathedral. French colonies here and there, with restaurants that will take

you back to the days when you passed up the slum and beans of the chow line and adjourned to the little town back of the lines.

**Looking toward the Empire State Building, world's tallest, across the Hudson to the New Jersey shore. In this midtown district are numerous hotels, among them the Martinique, the McAlpin, the Pennsylvania, the Governor Clinton, and the New Yorker**

It was chiefly to the Southern States we brought Africa long ago, but every colored veteran knows that our largest Negro city is situated not in the South but in the Harlem district of New York. Peoples from the Near and the Far East have their quarters. Americans all, or planning to gain citizenship, they continue to speak their native tongue along with English,



to cook their native dishes and wear the costume of their homeland on festival days. Within the boundaries of New York you can tour a section of almost every country in the world. A wit once remarked that New York is the only large foreign city on earth where you can't find an American consul. However, the cosmopolitan aspects of the city are part of its fascination. For many years New York has served as the main gateway to the New World and as a melting pot and has done its duty well.

If you arrive in the early part of the morning, you will merge into a stream of several hundred thousands converging daily on New York City, chiefly on Manhattan Island. These commuters journey in to business, some of them making trips of as long as two or three hours. The city absorbs them into its millions as comfortably as it will you. Its five hundred hotels will offer you ample billets. Its transportation will carry you wherever you wish to go. Swift subways. The elevated trains, which are an excellent means of seeing the city. Buses which are a great improvement over the camions you used to know. Taxicabs in such quantities that if Joffre had had them he could have sent several divisions instead of one to turn the German flank at the first Battle of the Marne. Circumnavigating steamboats. All these are at your service. Nor will the commissary fail you. New York feeds armies as a matter of routine, and the various mess sergeants will take your army of occupation in their stride. Chow lines range from the most elegant to the nickel-in-the-slot Automats. New York, called an expensive town, is only so as one makes it. The average monthly rent in the city is \$34.

There never was a front so splendidly equipped with O.P.'s. A marvelous panorama of streets and rivers is spread out for visitors to the observation galleries of the 101-story, 1,248-foot Empire State Building, the Chrysler Building, Radio City, and so on. Only the aviators and balloonists among you can call such a prospect old stuff.

Speaking of vantage points, a short ferry cruise across the harbor to the Statue of Liberty, unveiled in 1886, is well worth while. Liberty stands on Bedloe's Island, where a small army post keeps guard. The Statue weighs 450,000 pounds and from base of pedestal to top of torch is 305 feet high. Elevators carry you up through the interior, which houses a small theater; there lectures illustrated with lantern slides are given, describing the history and construction of the statue. In the upper reaches, relief maps and charts enable you to identify the skyscrapers in the city skyline. The statue is visited by 250,000 persons annually.

While Liberty welcomes friends, a series of forts protects the water approaches to New York against an enemy. Two flank the Narrows, one covers Hell Gate, one is located at Sandy Hook and four at the entrance to Long Island Sound. Comrades from the forts and from the garrison on Governors Island will join you at the Legion meetings. So will others on duty as instructors at the United States Military Academy at West Point, which is eminently worth a trip up the Hudson to watch the splendid drills of the Corps of Cadets and view, in the museum, the relics of our country's wars. Your wartime commander, General Pershing, is a West Point graduate.

It is in the Hudson River that the Fleet anchors when ordered to the Port of New York. The line of gray battleships, with planes poised on their catapults, of cruisers and destroyers is one of the most magnificent spectacles the city enjoys, especially at night



**Looking up Wall Street to Trinity Church, with the statue of Washington at the right in front of the Sub-treasury**



**The most famous skyline in the world—you can view it on a sail around Manhattan Island if you want to. At left, through the Municipal Building, the annex to City Hall, a view of the famous Woolworth Building, once the city's loftiest**



when lights swung from halyards outline the vessels and searchlights play across the sky. Former sailors in the Legion parade will give New York the naval atmosphere it has during a Fleet visit; no doubt many an ex-gob will take to the rowboats in the Central Park lakes to display his watermanship. Those of you who served in the Merchant Marine may sight from observation towers some of the liners or freighters aboard which you manned guns, for this port sees vessels constantly departing for or returning from voyages through the Seven Seas. Some of you who still have the Navy in your blood will want to visit the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Down in the skyscraper canyons of New York, the roar of the city will smite your ears. But many of you were used in France to more noise than New York ever has produced except on one occasion—the terrific explosion of munitions for the Allies on and around Black Tom Island in the harbor in 1916. An anti-noise campaign, hushing everything from taxi horn honkers to ashmen, has achieved some results. At any rate, tumult can be quickly escaped without leaving the city. In Central Park, extending from 50th Street to 110th, in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, in the Bronx Zoölogical Park, and elsewhere are woodland paths where the city is shut out. One thinks of the city as a mass of masonry and a labyrinth of streets, yet there are many open,





**You'll find the subways, except during the height of the rush hours, more comfortable than the trolley car back home**



**Jenny Lind sang here, where now the fishes play—the Aquarium, and in the distance the Statue of Liberty, on Bedloe's Island, as well as the equally famous Ellis Island. At right, Forty-Second Street and the needle pointed tower of the Chrysler Building**

green spaces. Until last year there was still a farm under cultivation on Manhattan.

For many years New York has been a playground, its amusements bringing visitors from everywhere, and it may go without saying that that side of a many-sided city will not rate as the least of its attractions as your convention site. Since Broadway was feebly lit with lanterns in 1679, it has shone brighter and brighter to become the Great White Way. Now it is as if Very lights, rockets, and tracer shells hung over it from dusk to dawn, as the electrical display of the signs turns night from blue to orange. Along Broadway and its side streets cluster scores of theaters—opera, drama, vaudeville, burlesque, motion pictures, night clubs. For daytime entertainment there are baseball parks, various golf courses, salt water fishing, swimming at famous Coney Island and Jones Beach, one of the most remarkable seaside developments anywhere; horse racing; a variety of sports in the great arena at Madison Square Garden. Rockefeller Center, one of the largest office structures in the world, also houses two large theaters, broadcasting studios through which visitors are escorted, gardens of nations on its terraces, and a museum of science, all topped off by a night club and an observation gallery.

The serious sightseer can fill so many days touring the city that it seems best to touch on only a few highlights in addition to those

already mentioned. The great New York Public Library, with branches all over the city, heads dozens of collections which contain rare manuscripts as well as technical information pertaining to the various arts and sciences. The Hall of Fame at New York University enshrines busts of great Americans. The Metropolitan Museum of Art is a treasure house of beauty and interest. Its magnificent collection of arms and armor can be particularly recommended to ex-service men. The armor of the knights had shrunk to the helmet alone when you came to fight upon the field of France as they did.

Across Central Park from the Metropolitan Museum stands the American Museum of Natural History. There, for the inspection of ex-airmen and others, rests the plane in which Lindbergh and his wife flew north to the Orient, along with all its multifarious equipment and supplies. The Theodore Roosevelt Memorial Hall of the museum was opened not long ago. Its mural paintings and its marvelously mounted habitat groups of animals should certainly be seen. Nor should you miss another fairly recent addition to the museum—the Hayden Planetarium. On its dome, a projecting machine, which is a magic lantern raised to the height of human ingenuity, throws a view of the heavens as they were at any period in the past or will be at a given date in the future. As you sit in the auditorium, it is as if you scanned the sky from the middle of Central Park, with New York's skyline represented on the walls about you. When the lights dim down to the blackness of night and suddenly the moon and the planets and the stars flash out above you and move through their courses, that is a moment unforgettable.

If after the skeletons of prehistoric monsters and the mounted beasts, birds, and fish of the Natural History Museum you care to see some living specimens, you may well entrain by subway for the Bronx Zoo, one of the greatest in the world. There also the hunters among you will want to visit the Hall of Heads and Horns where hang record trophies which have fallen before the guns of sportsmen all over the world. Miles south (but not a long trip by subway) on the southern tip of Manhattan, in Battery Park, is the Aquarium, which also ranks high. There fishermen may gaze on specimens of every fish they ever caught and many they never dreamed of. The Aquarium is in a building which was first a fort to defend the harbor; then, as Castle Garden, the theater in which

Jenny Lind sang to such vast acclaim; and then an immigrant station, predecessor of Ellis Island. Relics and records of New York's past are displayed in the New York Historical Society's building and in the Museum of the City of New York.

"East Side, West Side, All Around the Town," the Stars and Stripes will be flying in the Legion's honor. Beside it will be unfurled another flag, strange to many of you. Its blue, white, and orange are Dutch colors, its arms English, and its eagle crest American. This is New York City's own flag, and its devices stand for the three periods in the city's 311-year-old history.

Verrazano discovered the mouth of the Hudson River



in 1524. Henry Hudson, English explorer in the Dutch service, sailed up the river that was to be named for him in 1609. In 1626, Peter Minuit and a small party of Dutch colonists bought Manhattan from Indians for goods—mostly wet—worth \$24. That, in view of fortunes since made out of real estate on the island, has been called one of the greatest bargains ever made. Perhaps the joke was not on the sellers after all, (Continued on page 53)



# The

# MINUTES

# of the PREV



*The meeting of Blank Post of the American Legion having been regularly convened with due ceremony:*

**C**OMMANDER: I will entertain the usual motion that we dispense with the reading of the minutes of the previous meeting.

COMRADE SMITH: I think we ought to have them minutes read, Mr. Commander. I'm against that motion.

COMMANDER: Nobody's made any motion yet.

SMITH: You made it yourself.

COMMANDER: Oh, no. I can't make a motion. I'm the presiding officer.

COMRADE BUZBY: I'll make such a motion, Mr. Commander.

COMRADE JONES: Sennamotion.

COMMANDER: It has been moved and seconded that we dispense with the reading of the minutes of the previous meeting. Are there any remarks?

SMITH: I'm *still* against that motion. I couldn't get to the last meetin' and I don't know what happened and maybe some of the other comrades is in the same condition as me.

BUZBY: That's their hard luck, then. You can read 'em after we get through this meeting.

SMITH: But that'll be too late in case you guys done somethin' you shouldn't a done while I wasn't here.

*(Loud laughter.)*

You needn't laugh 'cause one time I wasn't here you birds passed a motion to have a post banquet which we went fifty dollars in the hole on and two people got ptomaine poison or something which everybody has been sorry we done ever since, which maybe wouldn'ta happened if I'da been here, me bein' opposed to banquets which is a lot of brass hat

business

I can't see.

After all, *somebody's* got to keep this here post straight.

BUZBY: Oh, hell.

Mr. Commander, to save time, I'll withdraw my motion.

COMMANDER: Will you withdraw your second, Jones?

JONES: My second what?

COMMANDER: Your second to Buzby's motion.

JONES: Oh, sure. It's all right with me. If the comrades don't want them minutes read, then don't read 'em.

COMMANDER: But you seconded the motion *not* to read them.

JONES: Sure I did. I know it.

COMMANDER: Then you're willing to withdraw it?

JONES: Certainly. Didn't I say so? I wrote them minutes myself, but it's O.K. with me if the comrades don't want 'em read. You got to do a lot of work in this post for nothin', anyhow.

COMMANDER *(with resignation)*: Well, anyway, the motion and second are withdrawn, in which case, according to the regular order of business, the Adjutant will please read the minutes.

ADJUTANT: I was absent from the last meeting.

COMMANDER: Oh, that's right. I appointed Comrade Jones adjutant pro tem. *(To Jones)* Where are the minutes?

JONES: I thought we wasn't going to read 'em.

*(Laughter.)*

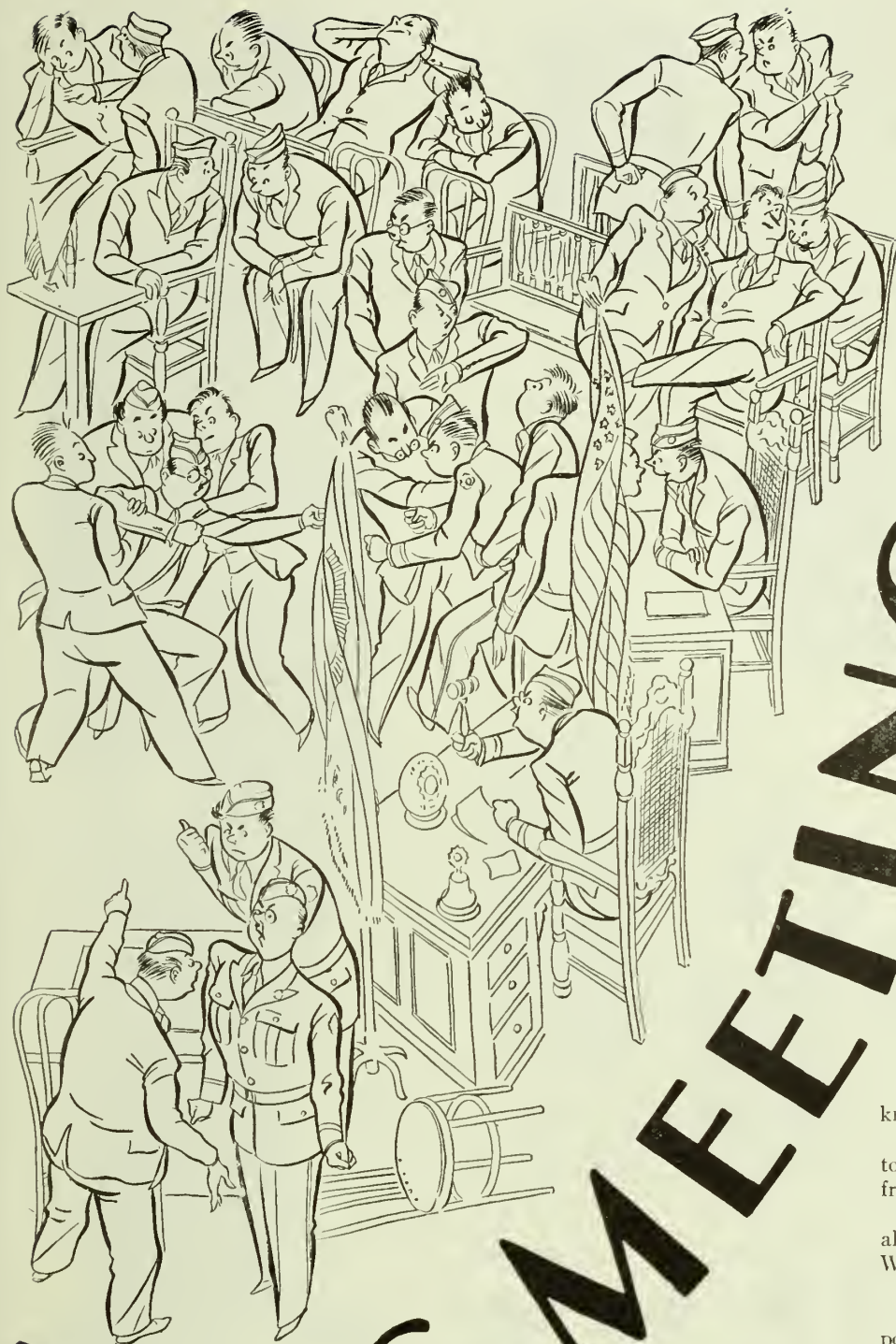
COMMANDER *(sadly)*: I can't help that. We *are* going to read them.

JONES: Oh, all right. It's O.K. with me. Only I wish somebody would make up their minds one way or the other.

COMMANDER: Didn't you turn the minutes over to the Adjutant?



By  
FRANK A.  
MATHEWS,  
JR.



# IOUS

# MEETING

Cartoon  
by  
GEORGE SHANKS

JONES: No. I got 'em in my pocket.  
(He searches his pockets without result.)

JONES: Oh, I know. Wait a minute.  
They're in my overcoat.

(He leaves the room and returns shortly  
with a sheaf of manuscript which he gives  
to the Adjutant.)

ADJUTANT (straining his eyes at the  
handwriting and reading slowly and  
jerkily): "Meeting of Blank Post—  
American Legion held—now—"

JONES: That's November—N—O—V—

ADJUTANT: Oh! "November seven—"

A MEMBER: The meeting was on the  
nineteenth.

ADJUTANT (looking closely): Maybe it is  
"nineteen" but it certainly looks like  
"seventeen."

JONES: I always make a nine like  
that. My old man does, too.

ADJUTANT (reading): "Meeting—  
called to order—but Commander"—no,  
"by Commander at eighty clock"—er,  
excuse me—"eight o'clock. Adjutant—  
having—abscess"—no, no, "being ab-  
sent—being absent, appointed me"—

better put "Comrade  
Jones" in there instead  
of "me." (*Adjutant  
makes pencil correction  
in minutes.*)

COMRADE JENKINS:  
Ah, Mr. Commander, it  
seems to me—ah, that  
—hmm—the Adjutant  
shouldn't—I mean it is  
improper for him to cor-  
rect—to make changes in  
the minutes, because they  
—those minutes are the  
official—ah—the authentic  
history of this—who knows  
maybe a hundred years from  
now they may be very im-  
portant—what this post did  
at this time—ah—and so they  
should be changed only by a  
majority—by a regular vote—  
proper action—ah—of the post—  
hmm—the members of the post—ah  
I mean the post members, if you  
know what I mean.

ADJUTANT: Well, who the hell's going  
to know who "me" is a hundred years  
from now?

A MEMBER (singing): "Where will we  
all be a hundred years from now?  
Where will—"

COMMANDER (rapping): Order, order!

JENKINS: But that isn't—you see, the  
point I'm—ah—endeavoring to make—I  
don't mean to—ah—insinuate that the  
Adjutant means to—hmm—I don't think  
any member of the Post would even  
think he would—ah—of course not, but  
the procedure—it seems to me the by-  
laws of the post—ah—or maybe it's  
Roberts' Rules of Order—I don't know,  
but somewhere I read—perhaps some of  
the other members have read the same—  
ah—found somewhere—does anybody  
know anything about what I am talking  
about?

A MEMBER (sotto voce): Is there a mind  
reader in the house?

COMMANDER: I think your point is well  
taken, Mr. Jenkins, if I understand it.  
(To the Adjutant) You better let any  
changes or corrections come from the floor.

ADJUTANT (crasing the correction): O. K.  
(Reading) "Com- (Continued on page 48)





# RIGHT DRESS

What the well dressed  
Legionnaire is wearing  
more and more these  
days. You've seen these  
shoulder insignia at re-  
cent conventions



**T**HERE'S something about a soldier"—and there's something about a Legionnaire nowadays. He's back in uniform!

When the Legion swings into line up Fifth Avenue again in September, it will be to a greater extent than heretofore a uniformed host whose ranks "eyes right" or "eyes left" at reviewing stands. It will be a uniformed host at the meetings of the convention itself, at the thousand-and-one banquets, celebrations, lesser parades and gala events of the greatest-ever service-men's gathering. The uniform, making but a timid appearance ten years ago, gains more converts each year. Its recognition by the public as a mark of a man who served his country in war and continues to serve in peace is strong evidence of America's respect and affection for the Legionnaire.

There probably is no particular need to justify the Legion

uniform. If its appeal were no more than that of the usually well-fitted uniform it probably would be enough. Certainly the specifications, material and tailoring of the Legion uniform make for garbed distinction that sets off its wearer as a member of the greatest of the veteran organizations.

Even in the days of humble issue which was a private's lot only a confusion of sizes resulting from the flint heart of a supply sergeant could fail to improve the civilian who donned his khaki. It was only when Wallgren clad his Stars and Stripes characters in misfits that they became funny. The Wallgren-limned figure whose clothes had the artist's flattering touches was heroic stuff. Why a man sub-consciously or unconsciously feels better and looks better in uniform is something for the psychologists to interpret.

Owning and wearing the uniform certainly swells the pride of



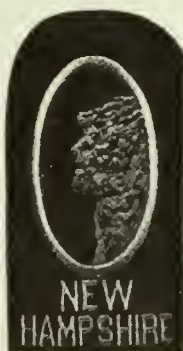
*By*  
**HARRY W. COLMERY**  
*National Commander*  
THE AMERICAN LEGION

its wearer in the Legion. He represents a great national organization and a Department organization in which he takes pride. Just as his uniform singles him out in the public eye so do its insignia single out his Department. The official uniform has many interesting variations so that Legionnaires on the march and at ease may be identified as to State. Some refinements permit even further placement with respect to membership and official position in the Legion itself.



The uniform's first general acceptance dates back to 1927. It was no longer ago than 1924 at the national convention in St. Paul that Massachusetts presented a resolution, passed at its Department convention, for the adoption of a national uniform. The resolution was defeated but Massachusetts kept right on with the idea.

This is probably neither the time nor place for discussion of the actual "first man" in a Legion uniform. He may or may not have come from the Bay State but Boston and its environs have produced many an idea in the past—in 1775, for instance—so credit for another may not be entirely amiss. Regardless of who originated the idea, it was a good idea at the time and it still is. The 200 Massachusetts marching men in uniform in Paris in 1927 will have grown to well over 200,000 from all the States when it's up Fifth Avenue again.



Probably no Legion idea except that which led to organization ever took hold faster or more firmly. The movement was far forward in many Departments before it was given the impetus of national recognition. As Department after Department adopted the official uniform it found a rise in membership corresponding to the increased prevalence of the uniform; an augmented income from commissions, small part of the cost for the individual but substantial in the aggregate for the Department, and an expanding tendency toward consecutive membership—"A uniformed Legionnaire is a permanent Legionnaire," ran the slogan. Legion meetings, Legion banquets, Legion rallies were all better attended as the uniform became the custom.



It is more uniforms, better uniforms and, if the truth must be known, bigger uniforms for the girth control of the Legion is not in its own hands. Just what is official in the uniform has often been misunderstood because there are no hard and fast regulations—and there's no O. D. to bark about non-regulation adornments or extras.

At that, there has never been much controversy about the general scheme in cut and color. The Massachusetts idea, fundamentally sound, was adopted nearly unanimously with some slight adaptations by Departments. Now it is official by National Executive Committee action—a blue suit with Legion buttons and insignia—even some regalia—to be used at Legion functions from morning till night with some slight changes in foundation garments and accessories. On parade and for general wear it is rounded out with Legion cap, white shirt, black tie, barracks belt and black shoes or oxfords.

The blouse is comfortable and substantial serge, with or without the belt, being cut for freedom under the arms and over the hips. Anatomical relocations among men of our age make necessary some departures from rigid cut. Commander Ray Murphy—and fat men will bless him for it—demanded blue tropical worsted in his uniform and it was made up, per regulations, except for half-lining. Even on close inspection it is hard to distinguish from its heavier weight counterpart but, as cool as a white linen suit, it will stand a great deal more abuse.



Whether it is serge or worsted the blouse is of blue, with Legion buttons. To show each five years of service national headquarters authorizes and issues a gold star, the star or stars to be worn three inches above the wrist edge of the sleeve.

American Legion medallions in silk adorn the lapels with gilt metal numerals for the collar edge to designate the wearer's post by number.

Because the Legion recognizes neither the rank nor geography of war service, uniform ornaments reflecting the wearer's once proud position as a second lieutenant—or general or private—bars, leaves, birds and stars are never worn. It simply isn't done.

Because the Legion does live in part for the perpetuation of memories, many in uniform wear in all propriety their campaign and honor medal ribbons. That practice has become so nearly universal as to stamp it as recommended. Probably there will be no complaint of this because the same latitude permits Legion ribbons and medals. It is probably tempting the arbiter of uniform customs, however, to wear the diminutive replicas of honor and campaign medals.

On the left shoulder is the Legion development of the overseas uniform on which it was regulation to wear the Division or other unit insignia. For the gay and sometimes gaudy devices which identified the A. E. F. have been substituted appropriate seals or symbols for all Departments. Most States specify the seal, with Massachusetts, the movement's leader, adhering to that custom. Kansas uses the Sunflower, Texas the Long Horn and the Lone Star, Oklahoma, the Indian chief, New Hampshire the likeness of the Great Stone Face, Louisiana, the Pelican, and Wisconsin, the Badger. California rearranges the seal to permit its name being embroidered to follow the curved line where the top of the sleeve joins the shoulder. The District of Columbia offers the dome of the

National Capitol or the seal of The United States. Whether it is seal or symbol, the name of the State is embroidered on it so that Department identification is instant.

Massachusetts went to Louisville with more than 1000 uniformed men in line but there were left behind 5000 more men with uniforms who could not attend the convention. Now the Bay State can put a wartime strength Division in uniform in the parade—and chances are that a good part of that twenty-four-hour trek in New York will be taken up with them. Their group will not stand so far apart this year as the national organization pushes the use of uniforms within the other Departments. The right to use Legion insignia is reserved to those awarded permission to do so by national headquarters, which in turn supervises the return of proper commissions to the Department in which sales are made.

Uniforms are easy to buy because the cost is low. Many an outstanding men's store features the uniform at low local profit as an entree to the Legionnaire family business. Your old friend, the 10-payment lay-away plan, is available. Legionnaire committees collecting "two bits now and then" (Continued on page 43)





# It's POUNDING That Does It

BY H. ELWYN DAVIS

*Commander, Department of Colorado*

THE AMERICAN LEGION

THE other day M. L. Lyckholm, our Department Adjutant, said to me, "Would you like to see something swell?"

Our single office is in the State Museum in Denver, and I quickly stared through the door at the array of glass-enclosed cases which hold the relics of Colorado's pioneer adventurers. I saw nothing moving.

"Don't kid the foot soldiers," I rejoined. "What do you mean swell?"

He handed me a sheet of paper covered with figures. "We've almost got it so that the buck isn't being passed any more," he grinned.

I hate figures, as doubtless you do, but when I saw the heading "Child Welfare" I did not hesitate. For fifteen years I have been a file-closer in the Colorado Department, and I have seen Child Welfare grow from an idea to an obsession. Year after year, regardless of politics or who is Commander, Child Welfare has been a constant major policy, drummed into the posts and units until most of us, I really believe, spoke, thought, dreamed Child Welfare. I was myself, at this moment, just returned from making a speech that was mostly devoted to the problems of caring for underprivileged children.

So what I read on the paper Lyck handed me sent a thrill through my heart. If you are mystified at first don't let it stop you—all will be made clear.

Here is what I read: In 1936 the joint Child Welfare Organization of Colorado aided 7,179 underprivileged children and spent on emergency relief a total of \$31,531.61.

Before you say "So what?" let me say that of those children only fifty-eight cleared through our Department Child Welfare Office; of this amount only \$2,117 was spent out of national and state funds.

Which brings out the vital fact that our Colorado posts and units, on their own responsibility, through their own efforts alone, cared for more than 7,000 youngsters, and spent in excess of \$29,000 out of their own pockets.

What brought joy to our hearts is the truth that at long last we have decentralized the Child Welfare problem; we have placed the opportunity in an organized way with the posts and units and they are cheerfully accepting it. This means that now our Child Welfare program is a post and unit responsibility, and the Department is called upon *only* when local organizations have exhausted their resources. I wonder if I can make that fact as important to you as it actually is.

First of all, only by having a hard-hitting Child Welfare Committee in your local posts and units can you be certain that no underprivileged child is overlooked. By that I mean that for a Department committee to attempt to discover all deserving cases would be practically an impossibility. It would necessitate the employment of many salaried trained social workers which would make the overhead impossible to support, and leave nothing for actual direct aid. Furthermore, I heartily doubt that a dozen

trained workers, working night and day for years, could discover all the needy youngsters. Such workers would eventually have to know every community and almost every family in the State in order to hear of such children, whereas the local Child Welfare Committee, a living part of the town, can see the needs with its own eyes. Take one typical case.

Mrs. Nina Skinkel, Department Vice-President of the Third Auxiliary District, visited the town of Blanca one day, and a local Auxiliary woman said, "That poor child Bobby Baker. Such a pity—something should be done."

"Let's go look," said Mrs. Skinkel.

They saw him, the little son of Robert E. Baker, ex-private, Company D, 326th Infantry, A. E. F. Tuberculosis had so ravaged the little spine that the child's legs were paralyzed. His father, trying to gouge a living from mountain soil, could not afford proper treatment; fresh vegetables and rich milk supplied by the local Auxiliary unit were not enough. Bobby was brought to Denver and entered in the non-sectarian National Jewish Hospital where the National Eight and Forty has endowed three beds, and where we have thirty-four children today. Bobby received the finest of medical care. There is hope now that Bobby will some day have a strong back and walk erect through life.

The point is: What clue would have brought a social worker

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In the Department of Colorado, Child Welfare isn't a hazy, far-off thing called social amelioration—it's a down-to-earth program which takes in that youngster who has to have more and better food, this one that needed a real spine

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to the hamlet of Blanca to discover Bobby's desperate plight?

And presuming for a moment he had been found by an outside agency, what number of social workers could have investigated all the hamlets, discovered all of the underprivileged children whose need is proper food and better clothing rather than medical treatment?

Yet of our 130 posts and 117 Auxiliary units only twenty-one failed to report one or more underprivileged children being looked after. And this means more than just watching the town in which the post or unit is located. Every local Child Welfare Committee has a certain sphere of territory to investigate and for which it alone is responsible. In a State as large and as





require an important reason to take a man in that direction. Now, a certain man in Telluride who shall be nameless owned the bank, and made front-page news when he tricked New York financiers on a draft of \$75,000. The trick closed his bank and sent him on a long visit to the federal prison in Atlanta. One thing he left behind, however, was a fine home. The house had, unfortunately, been sadly wrecked by angry local citizens who had lost their life savings; many of them forcibly entered the dwelling and departed with such fixtures as could be used or sold to offset the cash lost in the bank failure.

A Legionnaire named U. S. Black cast an appraising eye on this house. He knew it was mortgaged to the limit, and moreover had many liens against it. But U. S. had realized for some time that Telluride needed a hospital. For years, in time of sudden illness or childbirth, people had to be carted seventy-five miles over a bad road. Also U. S. had had Child Welfare dinned into him until he was thinking, too, of the poor youngsters he saw. He spoke his mind to the post and a wire was sent to the ex-banker at Atlanta asking for the deed to the home.

The deed came by early mail. Explaining what was planned to the local citizens, the Telluride Legionnaires had the foreclosure sale made and were the only bidders. Funds were raised shortly to repair and furnish the house. Finally it was leased to a physician for ninety-nine years as The American Legion Community Hospital.

And here's the point: For that period of ninety-nine years every (Continued on page 37)



sparsely populated as Colorado, where an area bigger than all of Connecticut for years did not have sufficient resident veterans to form a Legion post, this assignment of townships is necessary.

And do the committees sharply watch their mandates? The increase of 2,000 cases in a year proves they do. Nor does the size of the post count. The one at Fort Morgan, with only 110 members, cared for 59 children and seventeen families. This is typical of the whole State, for—save one—our posts are none of them of great size.

And let me say, too, that the fact that a post does not report Child Welfare activity does not prove it has done no work. I had this forcibly brought to mind not long ago when I visited the mining town of Telluride. Perched in the craggy mountains, reached only by a dirt road up a long canyon, and seventy-five miles from the nearest town, it would



# Seashore or Mountains— YOUR CHOICE

**W**ITH the coming of springtime the thoughts of thousands of well persons turn to summer outings, and thousands of sick and convalescents to restful spots in the great outdoors, far removed from the rush and bustle of our modern city life. Dotted here and there over the country, from seashore to mountains, posts and Departments of The American Legion maintain dozens of camps designed and operated as recreational and convalescent centers.

The work carried on with the sick is not hospitalization and treatment as such terms are recognized in professional circles, but with rest and relaxation, wholesome and nourishing food, a medical and nursing staff working in fresh air and sunshine with Mother Nature, the greatest healer, the results have more than justified the labor and effort put into the maintenance of the camps. Most of these camps are open to veterans of the World War and their families; some are operated as convalescent camps only, while others are devoted to children as recreational and nutrition camps.

**When winter comes to Camp American Legion, in the Wisconsin lake country. Below a good fishing spot on cool-bordered Lake Tomahawk, near the camp**



One of the finest examples of the camps for children is the American Legion Nutrition Camp in Colorado, known as Camp Ewing, in the heart of the Rockies under the shadow of Pike's Peak, twenty-eight miles from Colorado Springs. The camp was established some years ago by Earl Ewing, a Past Department Commander and Legion leader, and was named in his honor. Its work has broadened with the years and it is now operated during the summer as a nutrition camp where children are given an opportunity to romp and play in the great outdoors among the tall and stately pines that surround the camp. These children are under careful supervision of camp matrons who are members of The American Legion Auxiliary, supported by a staff of nurses, dietitians, and doctors.

The first concern is with the physical condition of the children. They are fed to repletion three times daily with milk, fresh vegetables, and other wholesome, body-building food, a diversion that is perhaps just a bit more pleasing than some other details

of camp routine. The camp day is started with the raising of the Stars and Stripes and salute to the flag, recitation of the preamble to the constitution of The American Legion, a scramble to the dining lodge to satisfy appetites whetted sharp by the keen mountain air, and then away to play. Nature study has a big place in the camp program. Songs and stories around the big





**Swimming and beach sports is one of the diversions of Camp Happyland, where Rhode Island children are given restful summer vacations under Legion auspices**

fireplace complete the day; then taps and slumberland. Posts of the Colorado Department co-operate in the maintenance of the nutrition camp. It is another notable achievement in that Department's outstanding child welfare work.

On Tupper Lake, high in the Adirondack Mountains, the Department of New York has operated its Mountain Camp since 1921, where exceptional facilities are offered in two camps—convalescent and recreational. New York's Mountain Camp contains 1,250 acres and stretches along two miles of the shore line of one of the most attractive mountain lakes to be found in all America, and in the heart of a forest of pine, balsam, spruce and hemlock. Every member of the Department of New York is an equal owner in this fine area and each year it becomes more and more popular as the Legion's resort and playground.

So much for the mountains. Now let us turn to a model recreational area operated by a post in co-operation with social agencies, in the Department of Rhode Island; an area where hundreds of children are welcomed each year and benefit greatly by the activities carried on. Away back in 1920 Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Henius gave twenty-nine acres of land, including one building, to Providence Post of The American Legion, to be operated as a memorial to their son, Cyril Henius, who lost his life in the World War. This plot of ground on the bay, with its beach and playgrounds, has undergone many changes since it came into control of Providence Post. Successively a recreational center for veterans, a resort for veterans and their families, it is now, under the direction of Camp Chairman J. Everett Clark, a Past Commander of Providence Post, a camp for children of war veterans between the ages of six and sixteen, and has been given the significant name of Camp Happyland. The children are selected from families unable to provide other vacations, and are entertained in groups for periods of two weeks each. The camp accommodates approximately 250 such children during the summer season.

Happyland is staffed by a group of specialists in work with children, some of whom have been trained as teachers and who, through many years' experience in public school teaching as well as camping, are familiar with the many problems of childhood and can offer the counsel and help needed. Camp Director Joseph Winans has completed his tenth year of service, while his assistant, Arthur Nooney, has had nine years at Happyland.

The camp program has been built on the experiences of the past

ten years, combined with the experience of staff members who have conducted other camps. It is not iron-clad or restricted, rather of the free activity type with changes in the routine being made by special recreational or educational opportunities as they present themselves. The main objectives of the camp are wholesome recreation, fresh air, sunshine, good food and proper rest.

Just a little different, in an entirely different setting, is Camp American Legion, which is owned and operated by the Department of Wisconsin as a rehabilitation center for World War veterans. The camp occupies a strip of sixteen and one-half acres of land between Big Carr and Little Tomahawk Lakes, seventeen miles north of Rhinelander, in the heart of the lake country of Northern Wisconsin, and in a forest reserve that has never been ravaged by fire. In the twelve years of operation the camp has served hundreds of disabled and convalescent veterans, and in physical equipment and plan it has become a national model of veteran rehabilitation camps. Twenty cottages and a large lodge, in all with accommodations for one hundred persons, comprise the rehabilitation center, while adjoining is a seven-acre plot devoted to recreational purposes and summer cottages. Seven post-owned cottages have been erected in the recreational area and others are planned.

Camp American Legion is the brain child of James F. Burns, Service Officer of the Department of Wisconsin, who proposed it to the Department Convention in 1922 and secured authority for its establishment. The site of the camp on Lake Tomahawk is owned by the State and, in addition, further aid was secured by

the appropriation of \$100,000 from the State's war veteran rehabilitation fund for the purchase of buildings and equipment already established, and which was formerly used as an exclusive girls' camp. The Legion more than matched the State appropriation with a fund for maintenance, and since its opening on May 1, 1925, many improvements have been added involving heavy expenditures.

To the rehabilitation area of Camp American Legion go World War veterans who, because of broken health or spirit, no longer are able to remain in gainful occupations. It is strictly a rest camp, though the practiced eye of an expert medical man constantly is on the men. After a period of rest varying from

a few weeks to four years, depending on the individual and the state of his health on entering the camp, hundreds of men have returned to their homes in sound health able to resume their businesses and normal occupations.

The recreational area has a strong appeal to those who spend their business lives in towns and cities. It is a restful spot among





the pines and birches on the shore of Little Tomahawk, an ideal place for week-end vacations. Comfortable cottages built by individual posts provide shelter and comforts, and each year the camp becomes more and more popular.

Hugo Keller was Commander of the Department of Wisconsin during the period when negotiations for the camp were being carried on and was still in office when it was opened for use. He has continued in office down to this day as Chairman of the Camp Board. The Chippewa Indians, who had a prominent part in the dedication, made him an honorary

chief and gave him a new name—O-ja-ne-nis, "the man who is always working." On the same occasion Jim Burns was adopted into the tribe as Mush-pee-ka-wi-nena, "the man who does things for others." Immediate supervision of Camp American Legion during its twelve years has been in the hands of Mr. and Mrs. George Merkel, both veterans of the A. E. F. and, of course, members of The American Legion.

That Camp American Legion has the wholehearted support of the Legion membership in Wisconsin was stirringly demonstrated at the Department Convention last August, when two thousand delegates, alternates and other Legionnaires arose to shout themselves hoarse in a

demonstration emphasizing their desire to continue the camp as a Legion project, and pledging their support in its financing. The question came to the convention floor when the camp report was read, which indicated that at the present rate of expenditure the camp endowment would be exhausted by 1943, and that if a new fund were not created the camp and its equipment would revert to the State. Plans for establishment of a permanent endowment will be submitted to the next Department Convention and provision made to carry on the camp as long as its service is needed.

### One-Family Drum Corps

FROM time to time the Stepkeeper is advised of all-Legion families. Now from Alabama comes a report of what might be called a one-family drum and bugle corps—a family so enthusiastic in their Legion corps work and so persistent in their practicing on various instruments that they had to buy a farm to get out by themselves and give their neighbors a rest. Perhaps that is overstating the

case; at any rate the story of Mr. and Mrs. Russell F. Whiting, of Bessemer, Alabama, and their three sons is an interesting one.

During the late unpleasantness in Europe, (I mean the one which was participated in by a host of young Americans under the auspices of their own Government), the present Mrs. Whiting enlisted in the Army Nurse Corps, was sent overseas and

**Legionnaire Louis J. Otteni, of Highland Park, Illinois, does a good job in putting on an impersonation of Wally's Saluting Demon of the A. E. F.**



assigned to Base Hospital 102 at Vicenza, Italy. Young Russell Whiting, then heart whole and fancy free, was assigned to the same hospital as a member of an ambulance corps, and it was in Vicenza the soldier and nurse met for the first time. The romance which budded in Italy culminated in marriage soon after return to the homeland and demobilization. Both have been active in Legion work and have served their posts in various capacities.

Mr. and Mrs. Whiting are members of Fairfield Post at Fairfield, adjoining the city of Birmingham, but are also members of General Gorgas Post Drum and Bugle Corps of Birmingham. Their three sons, James, 16, Donald, 13, and Russell, Jr., 7, are members of General Gorgas Squadron, Sons of The American Legion, and are among the most active members of the Drum and Bugle Corps of that Squadron. Taken all in all, it's a one-family headache band.

### Ten O'Clock Ritual

THE National Executive Committee, at its last regular meeting, at the suggestion of the Department of New Jersey directed that copies of the Memorial Ritual, used so effectively in that and other Departments, be distributed to each Department headquarters for study. From this distribution

to the entire Legion organization it is hoped to ascertain whether or not there is a general desire for the incorporation of such a service in the official Manual of Ceremonies. Independent of the official reports, which are made to the National Adjutant, several posts have sent comments to the Monthly, and many have adopted the ritual in an unofficial sort of way.



**Russell Whiting and family, first to enter in the Legion record as a one-family Drum and Bugle Corps**



Alfred Grayshon, Past Commander of Corporal John Loudenslager Post of Fox Chase, Pennsylvania, writes that his post first began to use the Ten O'Clock Ritual in 1932. A few Past Commanders were the first to stage it in post meetings, and in such public places as churches, schools and large civic gatherings. The service, in its beauty and simplicity, met with such popular favor that its use has been continued and the ritual is strongly recommended as a part of the Legion ceremony at appropriate times.

As staged by Corporal John Loudenslager Post, while Handel's Largo is softly played by organ or record, the Voice of the Dead recites McRae's Flanders Field. After a short pause the Voice of the Living responds with Rest Ye in Peace, ye Flanders Dead, followed by a prayer. As the last strains of the music die out, taps are sounded, climaxed by the Star Spangled Banner. Throughout the whole ceremony, which is conducted with the utmost solemnity, an interpretive painting, Flanders Field, is displayed effectively by the play of red, blue and amber lights. The painting is the work of Geoffrey Grier, a British war aviator.

This post is one of the fifty-two in the Philadelphia area. It maintains its home in a beautiful old mansion, surrounded by an acre of ground. The homey atmosphere and fine club facilities make the clubhouse the pride of the members and affiliated and sponsored units.

### *Legion's 4-H Winner*

**A**N old cow hand, aged twelve, with a ranch of three-quarters of an acre of ground, stood at top of the list of Ohio steer raisers when his Aberdeen-Angus entry, Jumbo, was selected as grand champion at the twelfth annual Cleveland Livestock Show. The winner was Lawrence Wengatz, a member of the Parma Agricultural 4-H Club, and Jumbo was a calf given him a year



**A Legion-sponsored 4-H winner—Lawrence Wengatz could only say "Gosh" when Jumbo was picked as grand champion of the Cleveland stock show**



before by Packers Post, The American Legion, of Cleveland, which he nursed into a grand champion. In addition to the bejeweled ribbon indicating first place in the show, Lawrence had a more tangible return for his labor when the steer was

**Effective use of screen and painting in staging Ten O'Clock Ritual by Corporal John Loudenslager Post**



put up at auction and knocked down at seventy-five cents a pound—\$742.50 for the young stockman.

Packers Post has interested itself in 4-H Club work, an activity that has engaged the wholehearted interest of hundreds of posts, and has a revolving fund set aside to furnish calves to young members each year. Only the best grades are selected and as a result the Legion-sponsored 4-H stock has always placed well in the stock shows.

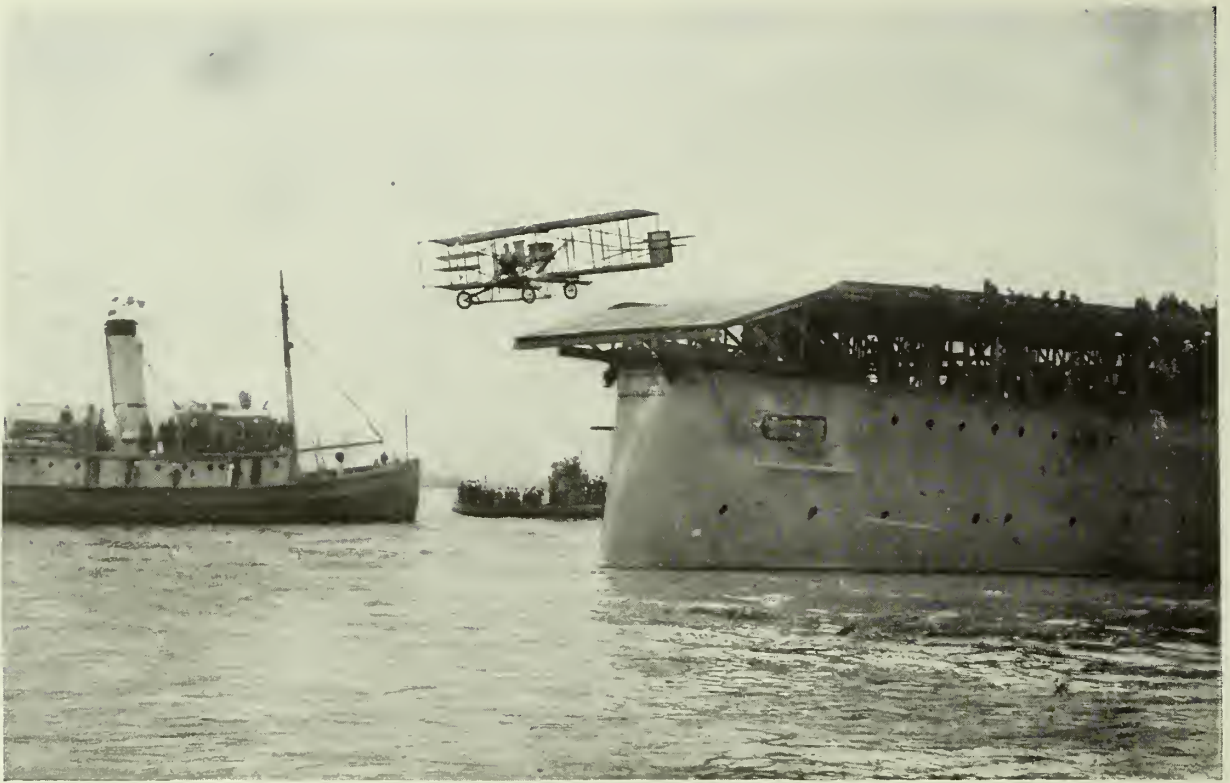
Steve Berdis writes that Lawrence Wengatz, whose father is a carpenter, is not a typical farm boy and had a lot of problems to overcome in bringing his calf up to a championship. His home is in a Cleveland suburban town, where he lives on three-quarters of an acre of land. Providing a shed for the calf was one of the first problems which, with the aid of his father, he solved by tearing down a chicken house and using the lumber to build the necessary shelter. He will enter sheep at the show next year. Part of the money received from the sale of Jumbo has been set apart for the purchase of lambs.

### *Honors for Highway Safety*

**O**UT in Iowa, the place where the tall corn grows and the home of upstanding Legionnaires, W. Earl Hall has won new honors for himself and for the Legion's national highway safety campaign. A highway safety editorial published in his own paper, the Mason City *Globe-Gazette*, written without thought of competition, has been selected as the best in the United States in 1936. A cash prize of \$500 was awarded in the nation-wide review of safety editorials conducted by the Investment Trust Corporation of New York.

Mr. Hall is a Past Department Commander of Iowa and has been particularly active in the field of highway safety, not only carrying the banner for the Legion in (Continued on page 61)





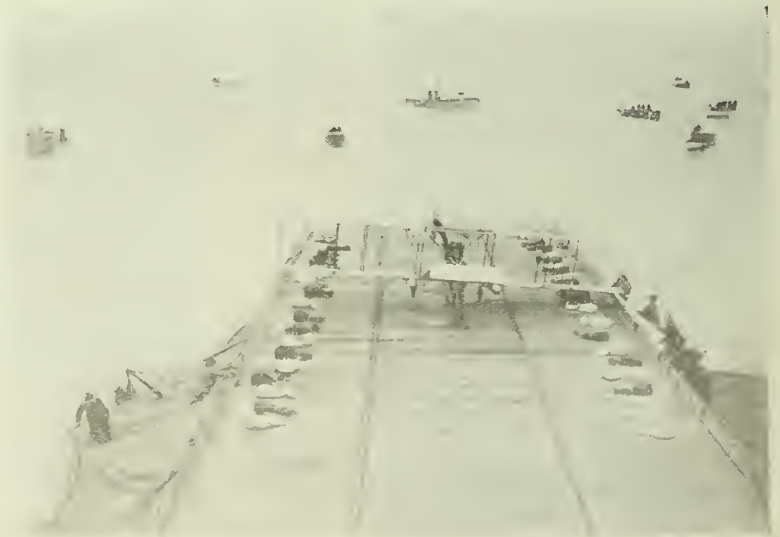
# EARLY BIRDS *of the* SEA

**A**LTHOUGH naval aviation as it is known today has been developed largely since the World War, we have to go back to a time more than six years before we entered the war to discover the first experiments made by our Navy to launch a plane from a warship and to have it return to the ship.

Almost three years ago—in the Monthly for June, 1934, to be exact—we used in this department, under the title “When the Navy Tested Its Wings,” a picture and the story of the U. S. S. *Huntington*.

Legionnaire Theodore Duncan of Lancaster, California, our contributor, referred to the *Huntington* as “our first airplane carrier,” as according to his story it was from this cruiser that the initial tests were made in launching planes with a catapult device during the summer of 1917. Duncan claimed this as one of the numerous “firsts” that have been broadcast in these columns.

It develops, though, that those trials could not rank as a first by more than six years. Chris Erickson of Donald-Walker Post of the Legion in Cushing, Oklahoma, is the man who stepped forward to blast Duncan’s claim—and as visual support of his story, sent us the two pictures (Continued on page 33)



Airplane carriers in the U. S. Navy in 1911? Not exactly. But these pictures show experiments made in January of that year with the old U. S. S. *Pennsylvania* as a base. At top, the first successful take-off from a warship; just above, a safe landing on the runway





**THIS IS THE STORY OF A LEGIONNAIRE  
WHO MADE A LIFE-LONG DREAM COME TRUE**





1. It was back in the days when the motor car was young that the dream took shape in my mind. I promised myself that when I grew up and had made my mark in the world, I, too, would ride around in a Packard.



2. As the years went on, I never forgot that early resolve. I did well enough in life, but my obligations seemed to mount with my income. So I tried to put Packard out of my mind and be content with lesser cars.



5. "The small car I used to drive more than covered the down payment on this Packard. I've never driven a car that cost less to run. And my monthly payments are only a little more than \$30 a month."



6. Well, that drive home with Tom certainly opened my eyes. Shortly after I went to a Packard showroom, drove a Packard, and got the thrill of my life! And they showed me actual figures which proved that the Packard Six, for example, costs little more to own and operate than the cheapest car you can buy.





3. Oddly enough, one of my employees helped me to realize my dream. He offered to run me home, and I could hardly believe my eyes when he drove up in a Packard.



4. "Tom," I said, "you must be a better manager than I am. I've never felt I could afford a Packard."

"I don't see how you can say that, Mr. Ryan," he replied. "Why, this Packard Six is a cinch to own."



7. So today, I own my Packard. I'm as proud as a schoolboy with his first long trousers. And I've proved the truth of the old statement, "You are paying for a Packard—why not own one?"

## And remember.... every Packard has two lives

ONE OF THE MOST vital points to remember about the new Packard is that it has not *one* life, but *two*.

*First*, long mechanical life. You can keep your Packard for years and it will still deliver new car performance. It will still have ready acceleration, velvet-smooth braking, and delightful ease of control. The car is *built* to stay new — built to stay out of the shop.

*Second*, long appearance life. Because Packard adheres to its famous radiator design, Packard motor cars have enduring identity. A Packard *stays* looking like a Packard. Its long mechanical life is never cancelled out by lines that quickly lose their beauty and smartness.

*Why not take the first step to Packard ownership—without stirring from your home? On the next page you will find a coupon; simply fill it in and mail it to Detroit. Then, when you receive the facts, make up your own mind whether any other car in America has so much to offer you.*



# PACKARD OFFERS A *COMPLETE LINE* OF FOUR FINE CARS

THE PACKARD TWELVE . . . THE SUPER EIGHT . . . THE ONE TWENTY . . . THE SIX



Shown above is the Packard Twelve Touring Sedan for seven passengers



Shown above is the Packard Six Touring Sedan for five passengers.

## Don't guess about the cost of Packard ownership! Find out!

"You are paying for a Packard—why not own one?" Get the actual facts, applying to *your* case, which prove it. Find out how easily you can own one. Absolutely no obligation. Fill in and mail this coupon today!

CUT ON DOTTED LINE

PACKARD MOTOR CAR CO., DETROIT, MICH., Dept. AL

My present car is a \_\_\_\_\_  
(make) (year) (model)

Of your four cars, my choice would be a Packard Twelve ( ) Packard Super Eight ( ) Packard 120 ( ) Packard Six ( ) (check one).

How much would you allow me on my present car toward the purchase of the Packard checked above?

Assuming that I prefer to buy my Packard out of income what, then, would be the required cash down payment, if any?

How much would my monthly payments be?

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



that we show. He referred to Duncan's claim and had this to say:

"The Navy was getting air-minded during my sojourn therein about twenty-six years ago, as is evidenced by the pictures I am enclosing of experiments from the decks of the old U. S. S. *Pennsylvania* during the early part of 1911. My daily log kept at that time contains pictures and a record covering what purports to be the first successful landing of an airplane on the deck of a ship.

One of the pictures, you will see, shows a plane taking off from a platform built on the deck, while the other shows the plane as it alighted on the deck just before it commenced to pick up the ropes attached to sandbags which brought the plane to a safe stop just six feet from the mainmast. The feat was accomplished by a Mr. Ely, an aviator of note in those days, and this is what my daily log has to say of the occasion:

"On January 18, 1911, Ely landed on our platform after a flight of twelve minutes from the flying grounds. He landed with the ease of a bird and was wildly cheered by both the crew and visitors who were aboard the ship. This was the first time in the history of the world that an aero-plane ever landed on a man-of-war. After being on the ship one hour he started his motor and flew from the ship back to the grounds without an accident. His biplane was equipped with air tanks which would keep it afloat, in case the machine struck the water. Ely wore around his waist

RECALLING that Selfridge Field of the Army Air Service is located at Mt. Clemens, Michigan, near Detroit, we asked Erickson about the Selfridge Field to which he referred. He replied that his 1911 log did not explain this but that the field was on the San Francisco side of the Bay, and evidently was a private field as the flying was being done by civilian fliers. He recalled there was much military observation of the flights there but none of the fliers was of the Army or Navy. He adds that his log shows that in 1911, an aviation meet was being held at that Selfridge Field and a Navy signalman reported that an aviator had flown from the field in San Francisco to Oakland, across the bay, and made the return flight.

Selfridge Field of the Army at Mt. Clemens was established during the summer of 1917 and produced many of the aerial gunners who served in the A. E. F. It was named in honor of Lieutenant Thomas E. Selfridge, the first American whose life was lost in the new science of aviation. On September 17, 1908, in a demonstration flight for the Army made by Orville Wright on the parade ground of Fort Myer, just outside of Washington, D. C., Lieutenant Selfridge was a passenger. At an altitude of about seventy-five feet, the propeller blade of the plane broke, it pitched to the ground and Lieutenant Selfridge was killed, Orville Wright escaping with injuries.

ACCORDING to the official tables of organization there wasn't any such classification as a Bankers and Brokers Platoon, but that was the assignment given by soldiers of the line companies to those birds who served with the regimental headquarters staff. You remember—the adjutant's and operations officer's enlisted staffs, the personnel detachment, the men of the regimental post office, and even the men of the intelligence section. Perhaps in your outfit you just called 'em goldbrickers. We were with an infantry headquarters' non-com staff, so we know!

And then, of course, there was also "the damned band." More guys in soft berths. Ever stop to consider, though, what you would have done without your outfit band? Remember those cross-roads concerts in your training areas? Remember how often the band led the regiment on hikes, pepping up the troops and at the same time pushing wind into instruments—wind they needed to keep them on the march. After all, music meant much to our sometimes-singing soldiers.

The two truckloads of soldiers you see on this page were bandmen—off on one of their regular tours of the regimental area in the Occupied Area in Germany, to entertain the battalions and lesser groups in outlying villages. Victor Bertone, Legionnaire of Edward L. Cossette Post in Hurley, Wisconsin, who sent us the picture, played with the band of the 15th Field Artillery, Second Division, but reports he is now a police officer in his home city. This is what he has to say:

"I wonder how many of the ex-army musicians in the enclosed snapshot remember the days we spent with the regimental band of the 15th Field Artillery up in Germany some eighteen years ago? The band was billeted in the old castle at Romersdorf in



**Music in the air! The band of the 15th Field Artillery, embussed for a tour of concerts in its regimental area beyond the Rhine in 1919**

an inner tube of an auto tire filled with air, to keep him afloat in case he fell into the water.'

"The above flight was made from Selfridge Field in San Francisco to the deck of the *Pennsylvania* anchored in San Francisco Bay. I was a seaman on the old *Pennsylvania* detailed as a signalman and was present on the bridge at the time Ely landed on the platform. When he left the ship, I was in a small boat off to one side of the ship, and I recall how close to the water he dipped after taking off and before his plane commenced to pick up.

"My daily log also contains information that I was detailed as part of a ground crew to assist a Mr. Curtis who was to 'conduct experiments with a flying machine which was to arise from the water, also to alight thereon.' I remember after several changes in pontoons, and so on, the machine successfully cleared the water and made a safe landing. I made the prophecy that some day it would carry machine guns—a prophecy too soon realized."





the Coblenz Bridgehead. We didn't have quite the soft job that the rest of the regiment thought we had. We had to rehearse every morning until noon. Then in the afternoon, we had to go to different towns to entertain men of different companies on outposts. At five o'clock came daily guard mount, then supper and every evening we played a one-hour concert in the village of Heimbach or some other place.

"The snapshot I am sending shows the band loaded into trucks for one of its tours through the Rhine valley. Of course, it was rough riding, but at the same time mighty enjoyable to tour through the beautiful Rhine country. Every place that the band stopped, we received a welcome from our buddies and the company cooks were always ready to give us a little lunch or some cold drinks or coffee. We were detailed on these playing jobs for the outposts several times a week. Some of our stops were Neuwied, Gonnarsdorf, Wollendorf, Vallendar, Weis, Engers and Bendorf.

"Some of the men I remember are the bass player, Benny; trombonists Durfy and Dayes; cornetist Anno O. Anholt; clarinetists Duane, Bassett, Johnson, Seivers and Paul Bragg; Margarillo Borgess on the drums, and Francky, the assistant band leader.

"I was a member of Ironwood (Michigan) Post of the Legion for fifteen consecutive years and then I moved here to Hurley, Wisconsin, when I got married, and transferred to Edward L. Cossette Post. I am a police officer for the city. If any of my buddies of the 15th Field Artillery Band ever come this way, they will certainly be welcomed in my home. I would be glad to hear from any of the ex-bandsmen."

IT HAS been many years since we organized our Association of Surviving Mascots of the World War. Remember the dogs and mules and goats and monkeys and parrots and other pets that we introduced? But now—almost nineteen years after the war—we imagine most of those mascots have gone West.

Due to strict regulations denying permission to outfits bound for overseas service to take mascots with them, most of these animals were acquired on the other side. Quite a few of the animals were smuggled back home—some to live to ripe old ages here in the States. L. S. Larsen of Cotati (California) Post reports a mascot who made the round trip, and permits us to use a picture of this animal. We'll nominate Larsen to tell about him:

"Strangely, I will not claim that my outfit was the only one that took a bear as a mascot to France and then returned home with the animal still in its possession—although such a claim might stand. At any rate, a good many of the boys who passed through Camp Pontanezen, outside of Brest, France, on their way home will remember 'Monty,' the black bear mascot of the 319th Engineers.



Monty, mascot of the 319th Engineers, with his trainer at Camp Pontanezen, France, 1918. Monty is probably the only A. E. F. mascot who made the round-trip



led the parade up Market Street in the rear seat of an open touring car, alongside of his keeper. He was then turned over to the Golden Gate Park Commission. Unfortunately, Monty wasn't in captivity very long as he was killed by another bear in the park.

"As for the 319th Engineers, we were organized late in January, 1918, as a part of the 8th Division at Camp Fremont. We left there in September, 1918, and following the route mentioned, landed in Brest the latter part of October. We joined forces with another engineer regiment, the 109th, I believe, and completed the construction work at Camp Pontanezen. Yes sir, we were the boys who built that delousing plant that tied up our buddies' uniforms in a bundle and steamed them all out of shape

under the pretense of getting rid of the cooties. But, then, we got the same dose when we started for home.

"We were trained as combat troops at Fremont, but when we reached the other side, our rifles were laid aside and we wrestled around in the mud, lugging bundles of corrugated iron and 2x4's. My company, E, was assigned to complete a hospital unit in Beaune, in November.

"Maybe this is one for the books: We didn't get a chance to win any medals or citations for bravery, but, by hang, we won a big silver cup for singing! In June, 1918, someone staged a Song Festival at the Stanford Stadium in Palo Alto, California, with the various regiments of the 8th Division as contestants. Each outfit was to have a thousand men and officers as its entry. We were to parade into the stadium and out (Continued on page 62)

"The bear came to our outfit—Company C, to be exact—as a very small cub, from Montana. Hence the name, 'Monty.' He was with us for eight months at Camp Fremont, California, where we trained, and rode in a baggage car when our outfit started across via Camp Upton, New York. Someone sneaked him aboard the British transport *Britain* in a case marked 'Bass Drum,' when we embarked. Landed at Liverpool, thence to Southampton and across to LeHavre. From there to Brest, which became his home and our outfit's home, while abroad.

"I don't recall Monty's diet, but I do know that he was a 'bear' at drinking soda pop. He would stand up on his hind legs with a bottle in his front paws and guzzle it down. His keeper got him so he was fairly easy to handle. Monty used to go for strolls at the end of a chain leash, but when out he was always muzzled.

"That bear certainly ruined a lot of Uncle Sam's leather jackets. His keeper used to go into the enclosure and wrestle with Monty, but had to cuit that stunt as the bear got too powerful. This enclosure, as you will see in the picture herewith, was only a low fence about three feet high. In the center was a tree trunk to which Monty was staked with a chain. When we arrived back in San Francisco on September 7, 1919, Monty





## A toast to that pretty maid!

### MAKE THIS TEST!

DRINK **Budweiser** FOR FIVE DAYS  
ON THE SIXTH DAY TRY TO DRINK A SWEET  
BEER. YOU WILL WANT **Budweiser's**  
FLAVOR THEREAFTER.

*She has gathered the choicest Saaizer hops blossoms that flower on the scented hills of old Bohemia. Her father will bale them in linen so their elusive aroma cannot escape. They will cross the seas . . . and matchless brewing skill and exact brewing science will mate their flavor and bouquet to the goodness of fine barley, pure culture yeast and filtered water. And you? . . . You'll empty your glass . . . and your spirits will toast the taste found only in **BUDWEISER**.*

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AS YOU LIKE IT  
In Bottles In Cans



# Budweiser

**AMERICA'S SOCIAL COMPANION**

A N H E U S E R - B U S C H • S T . L O U I S



## CROSS SECTION

**W**HAT the other fellow thinks of you is considerably more important than what you may happen to think of yourself. This month's editorial page, therefore, is turned over to a far-flung assortment of commentators who during the height of the winter floods and soon thereafter saw justification for handing The American Legion sundry unsolicited testimonials on its value to the stricken communities. Let them speak for themselves:

**Dayton (O.) Journal:** Now that the job has been done, and the immediate problems of flood relief and rescue work in Ohio are no longer front page news, it is only fitting and proper that recognition should be given to the splendid part taken in this work by Ohio members of The American Legion. As soon as the situation became serious, Legionnaires rallied almost to a man. Their work was of inestimable value.

**Charleston (W. Va.) Gazette:** The dark blue overseas cap with an American Legion emblem in gold on the side has been very much in evidence during the flood emergency. World War veterans, boys who served their country in 1917-18, are still patriotically on duty. When the special train arrived from Huntington at noon on Tuesday, bearing 1200 refugees, a Legionnaire was stationed at each door of each coach. At the station were other Legionnaires who registered the refugees and served them sandwiches and coffee. There is no organization in the United States like The American Legion. It is patriotic, civic, philanthropic, a true service group. The American Legion—on duty!

**Portland (Me.) Press Herald:** Yesterday came the news that nine Gloucester fishermen, members of The American Legion, had set out for Louisville with a nest of nine dories on a municipal truck, intending to "drive until they got there." No better men or equipment could be found for the purpose.

**South Bend (Ind.) News-Times:** Characteristic of their desire to help the afflicted and unfortunate, the members of the various American Legion and affiliated units in the Michigan region placed their time and entire resources at the disposal of those giving aid to residents of the flood area. During long days of hardship and deprivation while participating in the World War, the Legionnaires learned the value of immediate action when the call for help is heard. Years of peace have not served to blot out that lesson. America was justly proud of the record made by her soldiers during the great conflict, and she can feel equally gratified at their splendid conduct while facing the problems that have arisen since the khaki was laid aside.

**Portland (Ore.) Journal:** With five hundred men in the field and expecting the number to be doubled, The American Legion, Department of Oregon, is raising relief funds for the flood sufferers. This is a glorious example, a picture of good citizenship.

**Ft. Wayne (Ind.) Journal-Gazette:** Virtually every individual and every agency in Indiana has made some contribution to the speeding of relief to the flood victims to the south of us. Still not nearly enough emphasis has been laid upon certain all-important groups—units ultimately identified with genuine Americanism which volunteered their services. In this connection, we refer specifically to American Legionnaires and to the ladies of the Legion Auxiliary. In sacrifice, in service, in conscientiously conceived work ably executed, they have maintained the high standards and principles upon which the Legion was originally founded. To the Legion the *Journal-Gazette* expresses the lasting appreciation of a grateful community.

**Lexington (Ky.) Herald:** The purpose of this comment is to call attention to the outstanding work that has been done by The American Legion, not only in Lexington but throughout

the State and in the flooded areas. When passes were required in the early part of the rescue work one of the orders given was that anyone in an American Legion cap be passed. This means that the rescue leaders all knew no one from the Legion would appear on the scene except ready to work. In all the world it would be difficult to find a more courageous, loyal and willing body of men. Any time there's a real emergency when clear heads and strong arms are needed, The American Legion will be on the job.

**Asheville (N. C.) Citizen:** The favorable comment received by the Asheville flood relief unit in newspapers from various parts of the country should be a matter of pride to every citizen. This organization, sponsored by Kiffin Rockwell Post of The American Legion, was among the first to arrive at the scene of disaster. Not since the World War probably has a more high-minded band with a more generous purpose left this city for humanitarian service.

**Wheeling (W. Va.) Intelligencer:** There was one piece of relief work done during Wheeling's recent flood which has not received the recognition it merits, in the judgment of this newspaper. Reference is made to the splendid service rendered by Wheeling Post, American Legion, and its Ladies' Auxiliary in distributing food and clothing to flood sufferers. Hats off to The American Legion, not only here but elsewhere! For no appeal was made. The Legionnaires saw the need and met it. That's service! We have cause to be proud of The American Legion.

**Union City (Ind.) Times:** The American Legion is doing some outstanding service and the radio is telling the story. No organization is better prepared to carry on service to the community, State and nation. This paper wishes to congratulate this work and we are proud that this city is a part of the organization.

**Punxsutawney (Pa.) Spirit:** The part The American Legion has played and is playing in this flood emergency must not be overlooked. As the men of the Legion went to the front in those dark days of 1918, so they have "come to the front" in every national crisis since. And to this great body of men America must look in a large measure for checks and balances that will maintain America as a democracy in fact as well as in name.

**Moundsville (W. Va.) Journal:** Not only by posts and members actually within the danger area but as a national organization there was courageous and effective conduct. In the conduct of keeping home fires burning, keeping families together, standing as shock troops against danger and destruction, the boys of the Legion have never forgotten the stern, harsh lessons they learned in the war.

**Larchmont (N. Y.) Times:** Time and again this newspaper has paid tribute to The American Legion as one of the constructive forces which America can safely look to in any national emergency. We have had frequent occasion to applaud the Legion of the nation and even more frequently have had reason to praise our own local Legion posts. But never have we been prouder of the Legion and the things it represents than after reading of the splendid work it has been doing in the flood districts. Everywhere that the flood reached, the Legion has been on hand to help and, back of those who gave their physical presence and personal help, the Legion of the country has presented a united front. With heroism the Legion invaded the stricken areas and rendered as distinguished service in these No Man's Lands of 1937 as it did in the No Man's Land of World War days. Such service is entitled to the gratitude of the nation. The *Times* is proud that our community is one which has an American Legion unit which enables us to claim contact with an organization which has added to a splendid record by coming through once more in a great emergency.



# Pounding Does It

(Continued from page 27)

dollar of profit from the hospital *must* be applied to Child Welfare.

But the Telluride Post's annual report carried no mention of this. "Shucks!" said U. S. "That'd be bragging."

Nonetheless, I intend to brag for a moment. The National Child Welfare Committee has said, at various times, that the Colorado Child-Welfare Organization, being one of the first, is a model one, the kind which it is hoped eventually will be duplicated in those Departments which do not now have such an organization.

So some details fit in here.

Colorado has what is called the joint-committee organization—that is to say, one committee represents The American Legion, the Auxiliary, the Forty and Eight, and the Eight and Forty. Each organization's Child Welfare Chairman sits on the Department Committee (of which the Legion representative is always Chairman) and the current year's leaders of the four organizations are ex-officio members. This committee meets twice a month. And no maybe. All cases not handled by the local committees are passed upon. All questions of policy are divided and impetus given to the unending drive for legislation and education in Child Welfare. The Chairman, Emory L. O'Connell, is bonded and all funds of national and Departmental origin pass through his hands. This is the peak of a pyramid.

Each district has a Child Welfare Chairman. Finally, and most vital, is the local chairman and committee. And these committees may be and usually are joint committees. For long years we exhorted and thundered for these committees, pounded home the duties, the responsibilities, the necessity of them. And after they were appointed we checked their work by obtaining quarterly reports. If we think a post is not keeping up we bear down on the chairman. Fortunately this is now seldom, if ever, necessary, for we do not have a big turnover in post chairmen.

But, although we have placed the responsibility, we do not stop preaching Child Welfare. Every veteran joining the Legion is told that twenty-five cents of his State dues is for Child Welfare work. He is informed that one-sixth of the Department's revenue is expended on this work. In his own post he sees the dances and special entertainments which raise the funds for the post's own work. He soon realizes that due to Colorado's climate the influx of tuberculous veterans makes Child Welfare in Colorado a greater problem than in any other State. His post Child Welfare Chairman talks or reports at practically every meeting. (Continued on page 39)



THAT PRINCE ALBERT 'CRIMP CUT' CERTAINLY PACKS AND DRAWS TO PERFECTION"

**TRY P.A. ON THIS MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!**

SMOKE 20 FRAGRANT PIPEFULS OF PRINCE ALBERT. IF YOU DON'T FIND IT THE MELLOWEST, TASTIEST PIPE TOBACCO YOU EVER SMOKED, RETURN THE POCKET TIN WITH THE REST OF THE TOBACCO IN IT TO US AT ANY TIME WITHIN A MONTH FROM THIS DATE, AND WE WILL REFUND FULL PURCHASE PRICE, PLUS POSTAGE.

(Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

ALSO TRY ROLLING YOUR OWN WITH P. A.

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**PRINCE ALBERT**  
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



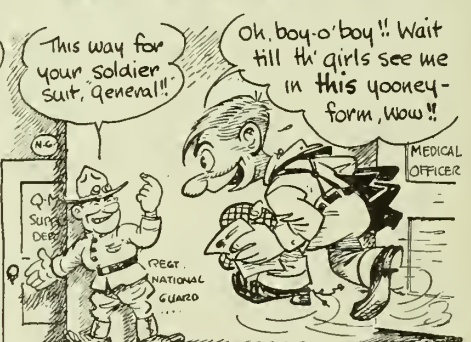
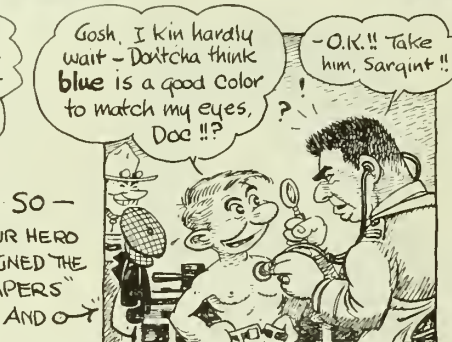
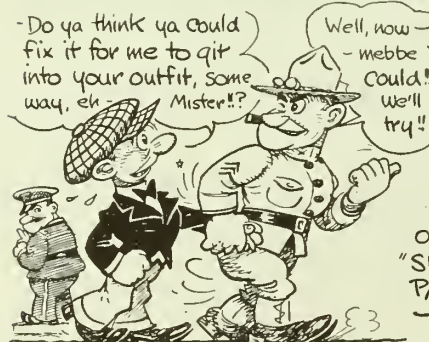
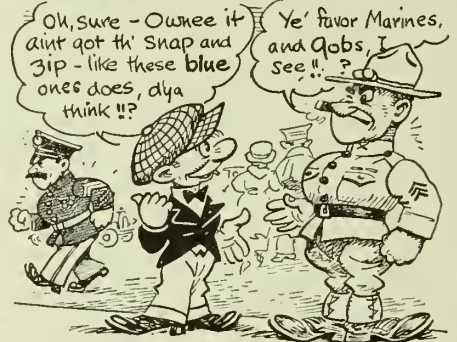
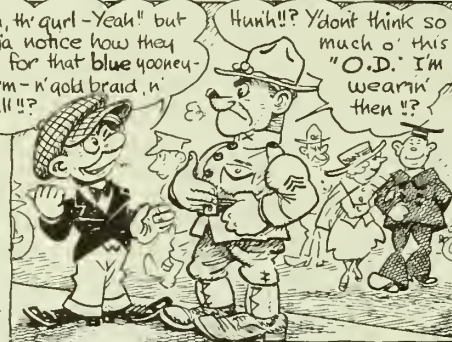
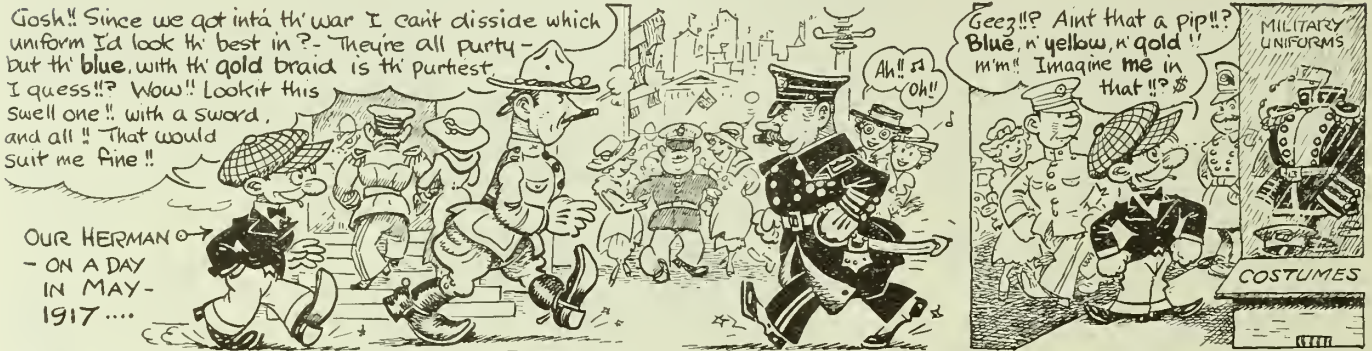
# HOOSEGOW HERMAN'S BLUES

*Our Hero's Promising Career Gets Off to a Brilliant Start*

By Wallgren

Gosh!! Since we got into th' war I can't disside which uniform I'd look th' best in? - They're all purty - but th' blue, with th' gold braid is th' purtiest. I guess!!? Wow!! Lookit this swell one!! with a sword, and all!! That would suit me fine!!

OUR HERMAN  
- ON A DAY  
IN MAY-  
1917....

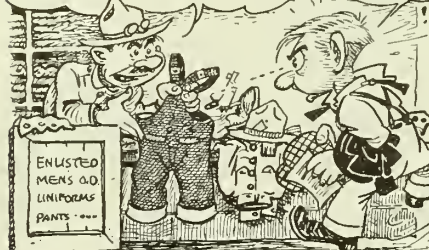


So - OUR HERO "SIGNED THE PAPERS" - AND -

"Blue!!?" - The only blues we got is these blue-denim overalls!! - Dye want them?

Wot!!? No gold buttons even!!?

Wham!! Sox!! Corpril O' th' Guard!! Post No. 13!!





# Pounding Does It

(Continued from page 37)

And the pounding never stops—never.

Our Legionnaires are becoming very well informed on Child Welfare, and aid greatly in our educational and legislative programs. When the child labor amendment was voted upon in this State it was ratified overwhelmingly because the other residents had been told by Legionnaires what its ratification meant to children. Strange as it may seem, Colorado has never had a state tuberculosis sanitarium. At the last election the State voted upon the project, and in the prior petition to initiate the referendum The American Legion's list of signatures was the third largest in the State.

Moreover, the Legion's interest in Child Welfare becomes known outside the Legion. Not so long ago a widow of a veteran, herself dying of an incurable disease, was worrying frantically over what would happen to her two sons after she was gone. She knew of the Legion's Child Welfare program. She finally sent for our District Vice-Commander. To him, to all intents and purposes, she willed the two boys, together with her dead husband's adjusted compensation and a small estate. The Legion became administrators and trustees. The two children are now in a boarding home, our wards, and carefully watched. Because the money she left at her death does not allow for final education, we are now arranging for the Colorado Forty and Eight to sponsor these boys to manhood.

With the responsibility placed on direct relief, we have gone one step farther. We are driving at the posts and units to start a medical program to guard the children's health. This may mean a test for tuberculosis, or it may mean as simple an operation as tonsillectomy.

At one time five cases of badly diseased tonsils were called to the attention of our Executive Secretary, Mrs. Caroline Atkins. Surgical intervention was needful at once. The parents had not the funds, and the Department was short. A Legionnaire physician was finally found who removed the tonsils for five dollars, with an additional five dollars for hospital fees. This idea was passed on to the Post Child Welfare Chairman. And it took hold.

In the past year more than seven hundred tonsillectomies were performed on children of veterans. Better still, the local committees are now looking out for any underprivileged child who might need medical care. Of our posts and units, fifty-two now have regular medical programs. We'll keep pounding until they all have them.

Nor does the program stop here. Decent clothing for youngsters is a necessity. Once (Continued on page 41)



**SO MUCH MORE  
REFRESHMENT  
WHEN YOU SAY PABST**

You get so much more when you say "Pabst." And that greater measure of refreshment is yours for the asking—whether you dine at a corner restaurant—or the swankiest spot in town. The extra quality Pabst offers in purity, wholesomeness and satisfying goodness is within the means of all. Join the millions who enjoy the added quality produced by ninety-three years of brewing experience. When you want beer—say "Pabst"—available in the best, most convenient containers—the famous brewery sealed TapaCan or the handy, new style bottle.

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Chicago



# Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Dan Sowers



FROM Bill Parkinson, of Insurance Post of New York City, comes a story about a young recruit who had just been given his first uniform issue. Of course nothing fit, but what distressed the young rookie most was the way the shoulders of his blouse drooped almost to his elbows. He had been a snappy dresser in civilian life, and was doing quite a bit of sulking when a captain passed him. He didn't bother to salute. "Look at this!" said the captain, pointing to his shoulder bars.

The rookie looked, and then pointing to the shoulders of his ill-fitting blouse said:

"What the blazes are *you* kicking about? Look at this!"

THE trial had reached a stage where the defendant's wife was allowed to testify in an attempt to establish an alibi. "You are positive you know where your husband was on the night the crime was committed?" asked the prosecutor.

"Well, all I can say," replied the good woman, "is that if I didn't know, then I busted a good rolling-pin over the head of an innocent man."

POPPY Commission Chairman Bill Castleman, of Illinois, writes about attending a post meeting recently where one of the comrades was delivering a serious talk on the necessity of post officials making personal contacts with "card members" and selling them on the idea of getting active in Legion work and attending post meetings.

"Although we have better than fifty percent of our membership at every meeting, we should aim at a hundred percent," he declared. "But," he continued, "tell me what group ever has a hundred percent attendance at any event?"

From the rear of the hall a voice piped up:

"The fire department."



COL. Jack Willing offers one about the judge who was explaining to a jury that a witness was not necessarily to be regarded as untruthful because of altering a precisely made statement.

"For instance," said the judge, "when I came in the court room this morning I could have sworn I had my watch in my pocket, but just now I remember having left it in the bath room at home."

Later in the day, the judge received a phone call from his wife.

"What's all this bother about your watch?" she asked. "Four or five men have been here for it."

"What did you do?" asked the judge. "I gave it to the first one who called; he knew where it was."

TWO men had been very close friends when they were high-powered executives for a large corporation. They hadn't seen each other for years. Then, one day, Jack, who had come down in the world, went into a small, cheap restaurant. After reading the dirty, greasy menu, he looked up at the approaching waiter and recognized his old friend.

"Joe!" he cried. "You a waiter, and in a dump like this!"

"Yes," replied Joe. "But, thank God, I don't have to eat here!"



THE recruit had just arrived at the army post. The sergeant told him he was to report to the captain to act as orderly. By way of instructions, the sergeant said:

"Your work will be to take care of the captain's uniforms, clean his boots, belts and so forth. You must also groom his horse every morning, and keep the equipment spick and span. After you finish that, go to the captain's house and lend a hand when you are needed; and after breakfast help in washing the dishes. At eight o'clock you report at the parade ground and drill until eleven-thirty."

"Just a minute," interrupted the recruit. "Is there anyone else in this army besides me?"

COMRADE F. D. Holman, of Ardmore, Oklahoma, is telling one about the veteran who was regaling a young man with some tall ones about what went on when he was in Europe during the World War.

"Now, some armies had a smart way of keeping up the morale of their soldiers," he said. "Every time their men retreated, they would get them all together and decorate them with medals to encourage them to go back to the front and fight again."

Just then a Marine recruiting sergeant passed. His chest was covered with medals and badges of many campaigns. The young man took a good look at the Marine, and then turning to the vet said:

"Gosh! It must have taken a lot of encouragement to keep him up at the front."



THE applicant for a job as housemaid was being interviewed by the employment agent, and was asked if she had any preference as to the kind of family she would like to work for.

"Any kind," she said, "except high-brows."

"You don't like to work for high-brows?"

"You bet I don't," she said. "I worked for a pair of 'em once—and never again. Him and her was fighting all the time, and it kept me running back and forth from the keyhole to the dictionary 'til I was worn to a frazzle."

THE confirmed bachelor had been visiting a newly-married friend for the first time. The next day one of their mutual friends said to the bachelor:

"Tell me confidentially, old man, who is really the boss out at Bill's house?"

"Well," said the bachelor with a judicial air. "Mary has command of the dog and the canary, but Bill can say most anything he pleases to the gold-fish."

A FREIGHTER was unloading its cargo at New Orleans, and was short-handed. The captain of the ship called to a loafer on the dock and asked him if he wanted to work.

"Not for you, you blankety-blank scoundrel!" he said.

"Who is that guy?" someone asked.

"Darned if I know," said the captain. "But he seems to know me."



THERE is the one about the big business man who went in for inspirational stuff in a big way. He was continually placarding his office and plant with

slogans, and bored his friends about their effectiveness and worth.

"Here's a new one I'm putting up," he told a visitor one day and handed him a placard which read:

"DO IT NOW!"

A few days later the visitor was back and asked him how his latest slogan had turned out.

"They took it too literally," he complained. "No sooner had I put up the cards than the payroll clerk skipped with two thousand dollars, the bookkeeper eloped with my secretary, and the shop crowd organized a union and demanded a twenty percent increase in pay."



# Pounding Does It

(Continued from page 39)

a year a state-wide canvass for clothing is made. Our last drive netted more than \$3,000 worth of items. The Auxiliary saw to it that this clothing was mended, cleaned and fitted to the children for whom intended. This, I may add, is in addition to the clothing which is supplied locally by the Child Welfare committees acting on their own responsibility.

It may seem odd to include membership as part of our Child Welfare program, yet I would overlook an important point if I did not. To begin with, when Colorado had a membership that fluctuated widely, going up to eight thousand, down to four, up to five, and then to nine, continuity of policy and effort suffered. The turnover was too great. We thought rightly or wrongly that this was due to harping on National and Department quotas, about which a post doesn't ordinarily give a whoop. We decided to adopt the limited objective, show an increase of 400 a year, and when this increase was reached to stop membership activities right there. To stimulate effort, we inaugurated inter-post contests, and wagers between District Vice-Commanders. (One year the District Vice-Commander with the least showing had to parade with a goat that smelled like six goats.)

Thus we brought the membership steadily up to 9,300 for 1936. What does that mean to Child Welfare? This: In 1933, when we had a membership of only 5750, our requests for aid from the National Child Welfare Division amounted to \$5,300. For the first ten months of 1936, when our membership was over 9,000, we asked for only \$465. When our membership crosses 10,000 our Child Welfare program will be self-sustaining; we will ask not a penny from outside sources. We now emphasize membership in its relation to Child Welfare; they go hand in hand (although we prod twenty-five other programs along also).

Thank the Lord, we haven't a dud post in Colorado. Each post has its sphere of influence and we do not charter a new post unless the nearby existing post consents. In four years only one post has folded up.

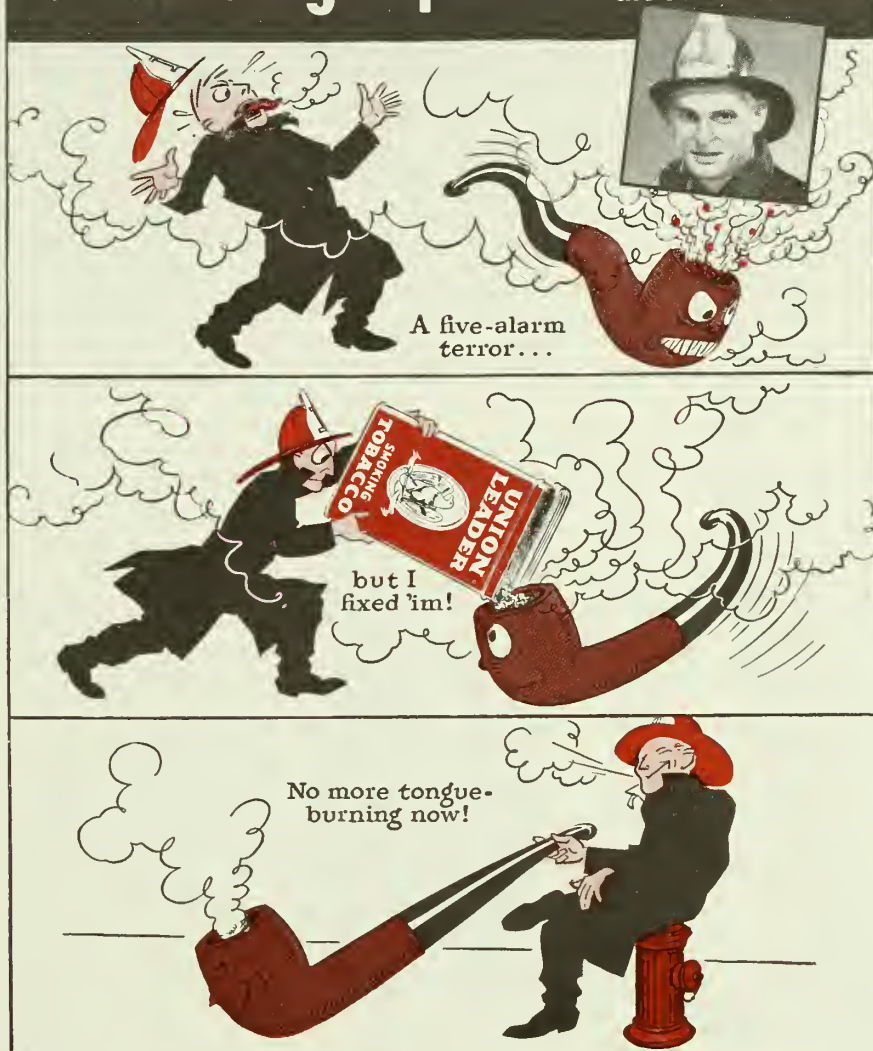
And now that the local organizations have accepted the responsibility we pour it to them. Their attention is pointed to juvenile delinquency, a problem that the Legion can influence and mitigate locally better than any other organization. Results are already seen.

Our Child Welfare Committees aided 2,200 families in 1936.

So what? By placing the responsibility on the posts we are giving them a job to do no one else can do as well, assuring (Continued on page 43)

## "How I Rescued Myself from a Burning Pipe"

by **SMOKY SAM**  
the Fireman



## You too, can put out Tongue-Fires

**THIS EASY, INEXPENSIVE WAY!** Many a tongue has been saved from burning when Union Leader's big red tin answered the alarm! The fine, fragrant Burley tobacco in that famous dime's-worth is "bred in Old Kentucky" to mellow ripeness. Then it's cured by special processes

and aged-in-wood—to remove every cause of bite and burn. Result: Smooth, sweet coolness with amazingly rich flavor. Give it the toughest test of all—in a *new* pipe! Union Leader is fire insurance for your tongue! (Specially cut to make fine cigarettes, too.)

**UNION  
LEADER**  
10¢

**THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE**



Copyright, 1937, by  
P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

**FOR PIPE  
AND  
CIGARETTE**



# FRONT *and* CENTER

## PROPAGANDA AND WAR

*To the Editor:* In the April issue Charles Edward Russell wonders what our motives were in entering the World War. If he would see how propaganda and crooked thinking did it let him read "The Road to War" by Walter Millis. I am in agreement with Mr. Russell that Mr. Morgan and the armament makers had very little if anything to do with it. But it was poor judgment on our part.

I say that if we refuse to be led *again* by propaganda and false ideas of neutrality rights—the last war and its terrible losses will not have been in vain, and the lives of those brave lads will not have been given for nothing. Like many other big steps ahead by the human race, they are only at the expense of a terrible price.

Even though our motives were wrong at the time, it does not make the memory of the dead any less sacred, or their sacrifices any less. The greater the tragedy—the more likely we shall be to profit by our experience.—C. W. ALEXANDER, Quincy, Mass.

## SOIL CONSERVATION AND FLOODS

*To the Editor:* I would like to answer the letter by Gaillard P. Willett. The cutting off of our forest is not the only reason why we are having floods but the filling up of our rivers with our top soil through erosion. I along with many other people criticized our President's plan of plowing under crops. I am a farmer and should have seen sooner just what the plan would lead to. We didn't think of it as a plan for land improvement yet that is just what it is. If one studies Roosevelt's 1937 soil program, he will see that farmers are being encouraged to plow under crops through a definite plan of rotation. We are even to be paid for plowing under legumes or grains, not to retire the land to reduce crops so much as to improve the land and hold it together.

To qualify for payment one must spread fertilizer in amounts to conform with the needs as specified by the Government after the soil is tested. Such a plan instead of reducing the crops in the future will make it possible to produce on fewer acres while the rest will be under some legume or grain to be plowed under every year.—HOWARD E. BRASS, West Brimfield, Mass.

## IN NEW YORK TOWN

*To the Editor:* I have just read with interest your New York article, "All Around the Town" in the March issue.

Just a few years back, I visited that glamorous city. Came time for me to commence my homeward way. I grabbed myself a taxi, and with a "Home James" wave of the hand, I said, "To the Colonial Line docks."

The driver turned a "dead pan" on me and asked, "Where are they?"

I had to admit I really was a stranger, and just as much puzzled as he. To make this yarn short, he asked two other taxi men and a cop, and in each instance got a negative reply. Then, oh glory be and a Vive La France, a chappie said he thought they were near such and such a place. We finally arrived, and there was my boat. Out in the middle of the river and headed away!

I paid my taxi man, and took the subway to the Grand Central Station. I figured the motorman couldn't go wrong, as long as he stayed on the tracks.—WILLIAM J. STORY, Meredith, N. H.

## "ANYONE CAN FLY"

*To the Editor:* Some months ago there appeared in the Monthly an article, by a gentleman whose name escapes me at the moment, headed "Everybody Can't Fly." I don't want to contradict him, but I don't entirely agree with him.

During the late unpleasantness with the Central Powers I was stationed for a time at the Naval Air Station at San Diego, California, serving in the capacity of flying boat instructor. One morning after an emergency flight with a Curtis F-Boat I was returning to the Station with the chief mechanic. We were up at about three thousand feet. Touching the Chief on the arm I indicated for him to take the controls and he flew the boat for about ten miles.

Now there was a man who had not been up more than three or four times in his life and never had a control in his hand, but he flew all right. Of course he had one wing up and one down sometimes, but he made out O. K. BUT—I wouldn't want to be in the ship when that type of "flyer" took off or landed.—ALFRED C. WILSON, Baltimore, Maryland.

## SOME WON'T DIE

*To the Editor:* The article "Some Won't Die" gives the impression that Buerger's disease is incurable. This is not in accordance with facts. Five years ago, the toes and soles of both my feet were infected with ulcers and the malady was diagnosed at the University of California Hospital as Buerger's disease. Several months of treatment gave some temporary relief but promised no permanent improvement to my condition. Amputation of a toe was suggested. Then I happened to have the good fortune to

*Because of space demands, letters quoted in this department (responsibility for statements in which is vested in the writers and not in this magazine) are subject to abridgement.*

procure the care of two eminent San Francisco physicians, Dr. M. R. Ottinger and Dr. Edmund J. Morrissey. They made an incision in my abdomen and performed a delicate operation. The result was startling. The swelling in the feet and legs disappeared immediately, the numerous ulcers healed inside of a few months and a healthy complexion of the skin was restored, along with a normal circulation.

All this happened, as I have stated before, five years ago. I am 60 years of age now and am doing pick and shovel work for the WPA. That should convince anyone that Buerger's disease *positively* can be cured. I am a living example of it.—JEAN C. SAAME, San Francisco, Calif.

\* \* \*

*To the Editor:* The article by Claude C. Snider, "Some Won't Die," to me is quite interesting. It seems that the Veterans Administration physicians are opposed to any form of treatment not done with the knife or dope of some kind. I am sure that there must be a lot of benefit in the water of Soap Lake; in fact the cases of McKay and Williamson have proved it.

I only hope that some day it will be possible to get a veterans hospital located close to the lake. And I hope the time will come when the American Medical Association will have to admit chiropractors, osteopaths and practitioners of any school into our Veterans Hospitals, as long as they can bring about the desired results, and help our buddies regain health.—DR. HARRY N. THOMAS, Hutchinson, Kan.

## LANDING ON THE MARINES

*To the Editor:* The Army and Navy know what wonderful press agents the Marines have always had and during the World War they received great publicity when the newspapers dared not mention any particular regiments on account of the censors. I was on a hospital train being transferred from Coblenz to Trier along with a bunch of serious cases and in the bunk across the aisle lay an old infantry top sergeant whose outfit had seen plenty of action but no mention in the papers. The door at the end of the car opened and a vision of what the well dressed Marine should wear appeared. He was one of the replacements brought over after the Armistice, which accounted for all his nice new clothes. He carried a book and pencil, also a loud voice and shouted many times, "Any Marines in here? Any Marines in here?" There was an interval of silence. The old sergeant rose on one elbow and answered, "Marines in here? Hell, no. They're all dead up in Belleau Wood."—CHAS. P. JONES, Shrub Oak, N. Y.

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly



# Pounding Does It

(Continued from page 41)

ourselves that in Colorado there is no underprivileged child without attention. Giving the posts the job has brought a unanimity of purpose, made a hard-driving outfit welded together for one job. We have made membership a simpler problem by keeping the posts and the members busy. We won the Eight and Forty Salon Nationale la Boutique cup for one hundred percent Child Welfare reports at Cleveland last year and we intend to keep it.

And here is a point to be reflected upon, that since our posts and units are deeply interested in their job of local child welfare, the turnover in membership is less. Early this year the Department passed its 1937 quota, but we're not stopping with that little victory—we're going places, and how!

Finally, we believe that if the future of this country is the heritage of the youngsters of today, and that by helping them to healthy, normal manhood we are giving a service which will aid our country long after there is no more American Legion.

This can only be done, I conclude, by giving the ideal and the responsibility to the posts. If the Department will do the job for them, they won't touch it. And if National would do it the Department would lie down. That's human nature. So get your local Child Welfare committees formed and pour it on hard and strong and steady. They'll come through and you'll know the joy I had when I handed that slip of paper back to Lyck. We grinned at each other.

"Swell," I chuckled.

In both minds was the same thought—the story about the general who wanted a flagpole forty feet high erected before sundown, and how he told the colonel and the colonel told the major and the major told—but you've heard that one, of course.

## Right Dress

(Continued from page 25)

soon have a sizeable group in uniform, each man getting his when he pays for it. National headquarters will furnish plans for post uniform committees which are interested.

Yes, sir, Songwriter Noel Gay said a mouthful when he wrote "There's Something About A Soldier" and all of those somethings about "his bearing," "what he's wearing," "military chest," "suit the ladies best," and "buttons all a-shine." There could be a second chorus, dedicated to The American Legion, about "marchers rearing," "bands a-blaring" as the Legionnaires "go tearing" up Fifth Avenue—all in uniform in 1937.

1927

## TEN YEARS AGO THIS OCTOBER

*It is interesting to turn back the pages of the years and read the record of a business. For time has a way of testing purposes and policies. Good years and lean reveal the character of men and organizations. The fundamental policy of the Bell System is not of recent birth—it has been the corner-stone of the institution for many years.*

*On October 20, 1927, it was reaffirmed in these words by*

*Walter S. Gifford, Pres., American Telephone and Telegraph Co.*

"The business of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and its Associated Bell Telephone Companies is to furnish telephone service to the nation. This business from its very nature is carried on without competition in the usual sense.

"The fact that ownership is so widespread and diffused imposes an unusual obligation on the management to see to it that the savings of these hundreds of thousands of people are secure and remain so.

"The fact that the responsibility for such a large part of the telephone service of the country rests solely upon this Company and its Associated Companies also imposes on the management an unusual obligation to the public to see that the service shall at all times be adequate, dependable and satisfactory to the user.

"Obviously, the only sound policy that will meet these obligations is to continue to



**BELL  
TELEPHONE  
SYSTEM**

furnish the best possible telephone service at the lowest cost consistent with financial safety.

"Earnings must be sufficient to assure the best possible telephone service at all times and to assure the continued financial integrity of the business. Earnings that are less than adequate must result in telephone service that is something less than the best possible.

"Earnings in excess of these requirements must either be spent for the enlargement and improvement of the service furnished or the rates charged for the service must be reduced. This is fundamental in the policy of the management.

"With your sympathetic understanding we shall continue to go forward, providing a telephone service for the nation more and more free from imperfections, errors or delays, and always at a cost as low as is consistent with financial safety."

## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

**Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out  
of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go**

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks lunk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores. © 1931, C.M.Co.

## HAIR GOING?

Glover's System of Hair Culture is based on scientific findings KNOWN to be favorable to hair growth. It consists of Glover's Mange Medicine and Massage. For the Shampoo use Glover's Medicated Soap. Your Druggist sells Glover's Mange Medicine and Glover's Medicated Soap. Or have your Barber give you Glover's.



**GLOVER'S  
MANGE MEDICINE**



# Keep the Tom-Toms Beating

(Continued from page 15)

list the ordinarily courteous, considerate gent who, when he gets behind the wheel, becomes a snarling boor. Don't ask me why they get that way; they peep their horns, they cut around, they squeeze through; they're always thirty minutes late to their own funerals. These men co-ordinate and ordinarily would be good drivers if they didn't think they were tin Buddhas. They wouldn't rush past a woman through a door, but they'd cut around her—causing brake jamming behind them—and scowl at her for blocking the road. The only way to handle these fellows is to jail them if they violate the laws, and keep beating the bass drums of road courtesy and consideration in the meantime.

That leads, naturally, to the consideration of jail and punishment. There are enough traffic laws. They are all based, like rules of the road, on common sense, and we need no more. What is needed is severe, relentless enforcement. As it is now, the driver who takes a chance and gets a ticket rushes off to an influential friend and says, "Fix this, will you? On the level, I wasn't taking a chance."

More than likely the ticket is fixed. And if police officers know that tickets for minor infractions will be fixed, they won't arrest. And the judiciary, if they get the reputation of being tough, don't get re-elected—so, unless the violation is flagrant, they let the offender off with an easy fine. It is no deterrent, and he tries again. I saw a man come shooting out of a side street one evening, strike another car broadside and drive the struck car into a telegraph pole. Two of my dear friends, a father and son, died in that car. It was listed as an unavoidable accident. It wasn't.

Minor infractions of traffic rules should be severely punished by heavy fines, suspension of operator's license or a day in jail. Reckless drivers should get jail the first time and permanent suspension of license. So should drunken drivers. These are potential murderers waiting for the law of averages to let them strike. At present there are freak and spectacular tests to discover whether or not a man is too drunk to drive a car safely. There shouldn't be any test at all. Any liquor imbibed numbs the caution of a man. He has a heavier foot on the accelerator; his reaction time is slower; his perception of danger is discounted by a reckless confidence that he can make it.

Do all these types go to the hoosegow now? They do not. Do they have their licenses permanently revoked? They do not. Influence and privilege still count. And instead of a thundering public opinion denouncing this form of modified murder, and demanding an end to it, the said public picks up its paper, skips over

"Eight Killed in Motor Crash" and reads with a chuckle, "Taxicab Company Furnishes Two Drivers for New Year's Brawl; One to Bring You Home, One to Bring Your Car Home."

But their end is near. The continual beating of the tom-toms is slowly moving the immovable. Public opinion will get sick of the slaughter if you keep pounding away long enough.

Under the heading of jail and punishment, don't forget to list the pedestrian. We killed 211 and injured 1,134 of them in Virginia in 1936. Most of them were violating rules or ordinances when they were hurt or killed. It goes on every day but practically none is arrested. In New York I heard a cop say to a daring jay-walker, "Is your insurance paid up?" But he didn't stop him. Yet training pedestrians to follow rules and cross only with the light and at intersections is simply a matter of creating a habit. In Phoenix, Arizona, at the end of a month, people stopped, looked at the light and waited until it was green. Put a few in jail, slap a fine on them and make it stick, and you'd cut the pedestrian death toll considerably.

Beat the Legion tom-toms on this and maybe public opinion will move. You'll change opinion from careless tolerance to a stern, relentless demand for justice.

The third point, education of children, is to me by far the most important and vital act that the Department of Virginia sponsors. Like that old mammy I spoke of, the present generation may be set in its ways, but the children can be trained, made safety conscious from kindergarten to college, and you'll see real results. After all, considering the motor car a necessity, as it is, it becomes a part of the American environment. To live, a human being has to adjust himself to his environment.

Training in primary schools is not enough. We must carry on through. And for that reason Virginia has made a real contribution to safety measures in its handbook on "Safety Education" which was prepared by the State Department of Education in co-operation with the Division of Motor Vehicles and published by our Department. This handbook is used to teach safety as a regular course in high schools. And it is considered so good that the National Americanism Commission distributed copies to the other Legion Departments.

By this secondary school education in safety psychology, during regular periods, the youth of Virginia get thirteen years of constant training. And already you can see results in fewer accidents in the home, on the farm, in the water and in the school. In motor cars it is too early to make any statement.

Let me quote some figures to show that and illustrate my next point. In pedestrian deaths eleven children four years old or younger were killed; between five and fourteen years of age, thirty-nine died; between fifteen and twenty-four (high school and college) only 16 deaths were noted. Compare this with 145 adults killed while walking.

Safety psychology has counted here, obviously, and the point I now want to make is that we should continue to teach in high schools, as many States are doing, not only the mechanics of a motor car but also teach manual performance—turn out smart drivers who know the rules. There are too many high school kids killing themselves now in motor cars. In Virginia in 1936, a total of 174 died. Proper teaching will bring a sharp drop in that ghastly figure.

Such teaching will break down, for instance, the weird psychology that makes a man adhere to the motor car company's rule not to drive his car over thirty miles an hour for five hundred miles, but as soon as the mileage is sufficient, he bundles in his family, says, "The dealer said this heap would do eighty—let's see if it will." He is just a tragedy looking for a place to happen.

Children can be taught the realization of speed. Most drivers, broken in on older cars, do not have this understanding when buying a new car. Sixty does not seem fast. And if he drives at seventy and slows down to fifty he seems (to himself) to be crawling, until he tries to stop.

Keep the Legion tom-toms pounding on teaching safety psychology to children. They are the best hope—aside from an aroused public opinion—to stop this slaughter.

Frank Rennie ceased to speak and Bob Carter took the floor.

Most of what Frank has said (he began) is gospel, but I still think more can be done than depending upon an enlightened public opinion, which may be a long time coming. In Virginia the ratio of truck accidents to pleasure car smashes is very low. And it isn't low by accident. My company won the National Safety Award by running sixty-odd trucks more than 850,000 miles with but one minor accident and that not the driver's fault. The system that has made that record possible could be used, with modifications, on pleasure cars and cut the annual death toll a lot. First, truck equipment is kept at a high standard by rigid inspection. Not only the truck owner's inspection, but the State examines them more thoroughly than private cars. They are stopped along the road and if anything is wrong are prevented from going on until the truck is okayed.



If pleasure cars were to be inspected as rigidly—and at unexpected times—as are trucks, motorists would do more than have them greased every thousand miles, and wouldn't say, "I can get another thousand out of those tires."

Truck drivers are trained from two to three years as helpers before they get behind the wheel. We know their reactions and temperaments by then, and can weed out the accident-prone drivers. They are frequently checked on their physical condition. Traffic courts can weed out accident-prone pleasure car drivers; physicians can annoy the pleasure driver a few minutes twice a year to check his reflexes, his eyes and his reactions, and maybe save his life and ours.

We give a week's vacation with pay to the drivers who finish a year without an accident. You can't offer such a prize to pleasure motorists but you can offer them a term in jail if they don't obey the rules. And you can have a special traffic court jury of motorists.

We have a traffic court composed of twelve of our drivers. And this court hears all the evidence when a driver has an accident. The court decides whether the driver is innocent or guilty and sets the punishment, which my firm follows to the letter.

If a city traffic court had a jury of twelve motorists to sit in judgment on cases and a judge to hand out the sentence they decided on—we might get that public opinion Frank was talking about.

Finally, you'll always find a truck driver on his own side of the white lines. He's not speeding, he's giving full courtesy of the road, he's not trying to pass on a hill or a curve. He loses his job if he's in a bad smash-up and is to blame.

He ceased to speak. I said, "And Mammy and her kind will wake up."

"Keep on hitting the Legion bass drum of safety education," Frank and Bob chorused. "When people get just so much of a thing they'll rebel. And your pounding has got to go on. Five years, ten years, indefinitely. Safety is always a major objective of the Virginia Department. We must be doing some good or the National Americanism Commission wouldn't rate us so high among the Departments carrying on safety campaigns."

"Other organizations want our material, the pamphlets," I said, "and despite the increased consumption of gasoline and the greater number of cars sold, the accident total of Virginia was seven-tenths percent less last year. So we are doing all right."

"Sure, we're doing all right," Frank said, "you said something about sending a message to other Departments on what Virginia is doing on safety. Tell them to send for our safety pamphlet and get it used in their high schools. That's the answer; catch 'em young and teach 'em plenty."



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# *A Job Done, a Job to Do*

(Continued from page 13)

opposition, naturally. The social philosophy of the twenties was not what it is today. Why should the Government be any more obligated to care for these people than anyone else who might be ill and without ready means for treatment? Was this not a problem for local communities? Was it not class legislation that was being advocated?

To which the Legion replied that it could see nothing vicious in a proposal to care for sick soldiers in dire need. Local facilities were deficient. Had this not been the case there would have been no problem, because a veteran would nearly always prefer treatment near his home if he could get it there. A particular case in point concerned the existing community facilities for the treatment of mental diseases. Many state hospitals for the insane were years behind the time. Some of them were mere places of confinement, little effort being made to cure patients. On the other hand the government hospitals were beginning to assume their present commanding lead in the treatment of insanity. These indigent veterans had to be taken care of somehow. Why should it make a great deal of difference to the taxpayer whether a local or federal agency did the job? The Legion insisted on federal agencies because they could do it so much better. Later, conferences with the officials of the principal national medical and hospital associations developed that they concurred as to federal care for chronic cases, where the veterans concerned were not able to pay for their care privately.

This view prevailed. Since 1924 any veteran without adequate means has been entitled to treatment in a Veterans Administration hospital if there is room for him. The need for such a service has been evidenced by the fact that at

the present time the 44,000 World War patients with non-service-connected disabilities constitute the heavy end of the hospital load. Yet considering the fact that more than 5,000,000 men were in service, the number is not large. Of the total under care, 12,000 who are not in need of constant treatment, but whose disablements do not permit them to earn their livelihood, receive what is known as domiciliary care.

The present load of World War patients whose disabilities are due to the service is about 14,000, including 950 in domiciliary care. Care of veterans of other wars, together with cases under examination for pension, compensation or insurance, including some hundred CCC and WPA patients, and a few patients of allied governments, bring the total hospital load to around 58,000 in Veterans Administration, Army, Navy, United States Public Health Service, insular, state and civil hospitals. Just under 400 women veterans are under care.

For this total hospital population, there are available 50,000 hospital and 15,000 domiciliary beds. The construction program which will be completed this year will add 9,000 additional beds, nearly all for mental patients, 2,000 others in obsolete buildings. This will relieve the present congestion and, mental cases excepted, possibly will care for all future needs.

At the moment the most urgent requirement is for additional beds for mental patients. This was a development no one foresaw in 1920. Just after the war, mental cases formed the smallest class of patients, general medical and surgical cases being the most numerous and tuberculosis cases next. Then T.B. took the lead, mental ailments gained,

and general and surgical dropped to last place. Then T.B. began to drop and the others to gain. How rapidly mental cases gained is shown by the figures for the present time. In this category are 25,000 patients, by comparison with 15,000 general, medical and surgical and 5,300 T.B.

This changing pattern has called for constant adjustments of plant, equipment and personnel. In Colorado, an entire hospital has been converted from a tuberculosis to a mental institution. Three thousand beds for mental patients will be added this year. This will take care of current needs, but according to present estimates, provision for 13,000 additional patients must be made before the peak is reached about ten years from now.

Looking back upon the battles waged and won in the past, I regard the future with confidence. People are beginning to realize what a priceless investment America has in this great chain of hospitals which The American Legion, more than any other agency, has brought into being.

The research work which these government doctors are doing is attracting attention throughout the world. They operate six centers for the study of chest surgery, three heart clinics and the largest tumor clinic in the world. Hundreds of physicians are released from their hospital duties each year so as to take specialized instruction in advanced or specialized medicine in the country's leading institutions or from its leading medical men. Our government hospitals have been in the thick of the original work which since the war has revolutionized the treatment of insanity, virtually removing it from the list of incurable to that of curable diseases.

## *Tenth Man*

(Continued from page 7)

nati, I read that Dan Sowers, the daddy of Legion junior baseball, was going to speak to a group of amateur players at Emery Auditorium that night, and I decided to stay over and hear him. During his talk he said that the regional finals for the States of Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana and Michigan were to be played at Fort Wayne. That information gave me an idea. If I could only work successfully in one of the important Legion tournaments, it would broaden my opportunity to get attention as an umpire. My age was against me, I knew. But Sowers seemed to be a human sort of person, and I decided to go to Indianapolis and ask him

for an assignment working those games at Fort Wayne.

He received me cordially, but when I explained my mission he promptly told me that at my apparent age I should be playing.

"But," I explained, "I'm just twelve days too old to meet the age requirements." Then I suggested that if the Legion's program worked for the benefit of youngsters playing ball, why shouldn't it work for the benefit of young umpires as well? There were some people waiting to see him, and he replied:

"Well, that's something to think about. I'm pretty busy right now, but if you can

see me this evening I'll be glad to talk it over with you."

That evening I visited Mr. Sowers at his club. He listened patiently as I told him about my experiences and aspirations. Finally he said he would like to give me a chance, but was a little skeptical about how one of my age might act under pressure. Anyway, he wanted more time to think the matter over before making a definite decision. That seemed to side-track matters, and I went home rather disappointed.

But a few weeks later I received a letter from him, which I quote: "I have decided to give you an opportunity to



work in our regional tournament to be played August 13th and 14th at Fort Wayne."

That message brought more joy to me than I had ever known before. And that's how at seventeen I happened to be one of the umpires in that important Legion series. Two years later I umpired the same series at Richmond, Indiana, and had a much easier time of it. I have worked some Legion games every year since 1928, and in 1931 I managed the Greensburg entry. They were a fine bunch of boys, many of whom later became stars in college baseball, although beaten out that year in a district series.

The work I did for the Legion began to attract attention, and in 1934 I got my first minor league job. The news of my appointment came by telegram one Friday afternoon from Frank Matthews, president of the Arkansas State League, ordering me to report on Sunday at Rogers, Arkansas. From Friday night until Sunday morning I rode in day coaches to Rogers. Upon arrival, I reported to Mr. Matthews, who suggested I get some sleep. I needed it, for I hadn't slept for two nights. Four hours later he awakened me and said I would have to leave at once for Siloam Springs, thirty-five miles away, to umpire a double header that afternoon.

The Arkansas League was in its first year, and had four clubs. The single-umpire system was in use, so the league staff consisted of two men, and I was the seventeenth to be employed that season. I did all right for a time, working alone. Then one day I was overcome by the heat in Fayetteville after one of the clubs had scored ten runs in the first inning. The afternoon was one of the hottest of an unusually hot summer. Two days afterward I returned home.

That fall I met Tom Fairweather, president of the Western Association. He became a real friend, and has done a lot for me in baseball, but with it all he insists that I keep up my law studies. He had intended using me in 1935, but did not have a vacancy on his staff. However, he sent me to J. Roy Carter, president of the Nebraska State League, where I worked that season. That spring Wade Killefer, manager of the Indianapolis Indians, took me to their spring training camp and I umpired all their exhibition games.

Last year Mr. Fairweather sent me a contract to umpire in the Western Association, and when the season opened I had the good fortune to be paired off with Ollie Anderson, the staff's chief umpire. He was umpiring his thirty-second year. He knew his trade from beginning to end, and took great interest in coaching me. Everything was going along fine for me in the Western Association until last June, when Anderson and I were driving from Springfield, Missouri, to Hutchinson, Kansas. As we were skimming (Continued on page 18)



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P. S. And don't forget the Heinz Ketchup!



# HEINZ

## Tenth Man

(Continued from page 47)

along, a large oil truck smashed into my car from a side road. When the doctors took inventory of me at the hospital it was found I had thirty-one cuts, a cracked rib, and a punctured lung, where the steering wheel broke off and hit me in the chest. That was that, and it ended the '36 season for me in the Western Association.

When discharged from the hospital, I returned home with instructions to take it easy for the rest of the year. However, it wasn't long before the urge to be back on the diamond got the better of me, especially because the Legion season was drawing close to its final stages. I went to Indianapolis for a visit with Homer Chaillaux and Chuck Wilson of the Legion's Americanism Commission, and upon their recommendation was sent to Richmond to officiate at the Indiana state finals. A week later, Mr. Chaillaux called me by 'phone and asked me to take the assignment as umpire-in-chief for the northeastern sectionals to be played in Middletown, Ohio. Naturally I was delighted. Right here I want to say to those who inquire about the benefits of Legion junior baseball that all they have to do is to attend these games and see the fine, manly, sportsmanlike quality of the boys who play in them.

When the northeastern series was over,

and I was packing up to go home, Mr. Chaillaux asked me to go to Spartanburg, South Carolina, to umpire in the national semi-finals between Manchester, New Hampshire, and Spartanburg. There I worked with Rube Brandon, a veteran of many campaigns in the minor leagues. My work was observed by officials of the newly formed North Carolina State League, and as a consequence I have accepted a contract to be on their staff this season. And once more, all thanks to The American Legion for the breaks its junior baseball has given me.

I have been asked if a young umpire fears the razzing of a howling mob of wrought-up fans. I certainly do not. A man that is right with himself need fear nothing.

Another frequent question an umpire is asked: "Do you ever miss 'em?" Well, like the famous Bill Klem, I believe that I never called one wrong. That is, I never made a decision that was other than just exactly as I saw it. And that is what Klem means when he makes his noted boast.

The winter months I spend studying law in the night division of the Indiana Law School at Indianapolis, and officiate some in basketball and football. My ambition is to reach the big leagues as an umpire, and I think I'll get there.

## The Minutes of the Previous Meeting

(Continued from page 23)

mander appointed me acting adjutant."

COMRADE HEMINGWAY: I think the Adjutant's right. That ought to be corrected. I move to amend the minutes by substituting "Comrade Jones" for "me."

JONES: Sennamotion.

COMMANDER: All in favor signify by saying "Aye."

(Loud chorus of "Ayes.")

Contrary, "No." So ordered.

ADJUTANT (continuing his reading): "Present—Commander, Vice Commander, Finance Off—"

A MEMBER: Oh, don't take time to read all the names. We want to get through this meeting sometime tonight.

MEMBERS: No, no. Let it go. Skip it.

ADJUTANT (reading): "Motion to—not read—minutes of last meeting. Carried. Finance Officer reported—seventeen hundred dollars"—I mean "a hundred and seventy"—no, "seventeen dollars balance on hand after—all bills paid—except sixteen dollars for last Memorial Dog"—or "Day," I mean—say, I can't read this damn thing. Let Jones read it; he wrote it.

COMMANDER: All right. If there's no objection, Comrade Jones will read it."

JONES (taking the papers from the Adjutant and reading): "Except sixteen dollars for last Memorial Day and two dollars for cleaning up the basement on account of—on account of holding a Forty and Eight initiation down in the basement."

HEMINGWAY: I think the Voiture ought to pay that two dollars.

A MEMBER: So do I.

ANOTHER MEMBER: Let's send them a bill for it.

SMITH: Yeh, sure. I make a motion we send 'em a bill for it.

JONES: Sennamotion.

COMMANDER: The motion is out of order. There is—

SMITH: Now, wait a minute, Mr. Commander. I'm a Forty and Eighter myself, but I don't see no reason why it's out of order for this post to send a bill to pay for a initiation which the post was decent enough to let—

COMMANDER: You don't quite understand, Smith. The point—

SMITH: Who don't understand? I understand a lot more about the Forty and Eight than you do. You ain't even a member.



COMMANDER: I know very well I'm not.  
SMITH: Well, then, don't say nothin' against the Forty and Eight.

COMMANDER: I'm not *saying* anything—

SMITH: Let me tell you something—what maybe you don't know. That Forty and Eight has done some mighty fine work. Last year we turned over a lot of money to—

COMMANDER (*beginning to lose his patience and rapping*): Comrade Smith, you're 'way off the subject. We are having the reading of the minutes of the previous meeting.

SMITH: All right. So what? Is that any reason why somebody's got to take a crack at the Forty and Eight just because they play a little bit and—

HEMINGWAY: Aw, sit down!

SMITH (*turning on Hemingway*): Who's tellin' me to sit down? You got your nerve. If you did half as much for this post as I done you might have a right to sound off.

HEMINGWAY: Are you trying to intimate that I haven't worked for this post? Listen, I'm tired hearing you shoot off your face as if you were the only member in The American Legion who ever did anything. And let me tell you something, comrade—

COMMANDER (*rapping desperately*): Gentlemen, gentlemen! I cannot permit these personalities. Jones, proceed with the reading of the minutes.

A MEMBER: What about that two dollars for cleaning the Forty and Eight out of the basement—I mean, cleaning out the basement for the Forty and Eight?

COMRADE DICKSON: Mr. Commander, to relieve the tension, may I say that I'm also a member of the Forty and Eight and it has never been the desire of that organization to chisel anybody. All the Adjutant has to do is to send a bill to the Voiture and it'll be paid. I'll *guarantee* it—*personally*.

SMITH: Sure. And if you don't like that, Mr. Commander (*digging his hand in his pocket*) I'll pay the two dollars myself right now.

COMMANDER: No, no, that isn't necessary. Thank you, Dickson. If there's no objection the Adjutant will send the bill. Proceed, Jones.

JONES (*reading*): "Membership Committee reported seventy percent of last year's members paid up to date for this year."

SMITH: Say, Mr. Commander, I know where's a couple of veterans just moved into town a couple of months ago which could be got in this post if our membership chairman was on the job. They ain't never been asked to join the Legion and they don't even know there's a post in this town, I bet. That's the trouble with this post—why, I was talkin' to one of 'em two weeks ago and—

HEMINGWAY: Why didn't you tell him there was a Legion post here? You've

never been particularly shy and backward around here.

SMITH (*annoyed*): I didn't know he was a veteran when I was talkin' to him. I found it out the next day.

HEMINGWAY: Well, you've had two weeks to go 'round and see him. What's the matter—your knees getting weak or something?

SMITH (*getting worked up*): That's the job for our Membership Committee.

A MEMBER: Well, did you tell them about it?

SMITH: For cryin' out loud, am I supposed to do *all* the work of this here post? Ain't somebody else supposed to do *some*thin'? What've we got a membership committee for, anyway?

COMMANDER: We'll take up the question of membership when we come to the report of the membership committee.

SMITH: Well, wasn't that what Jones was just readin'?

COMMANDER: That was *last* month's report.

SMITH: *Last* month's? Criminy, we a *month* behind? That's the trouble with this here post. It never gets caught up with itself. Maybe we'll be goin' to the next national convention and find ourselves back in Cleveland. We got to do *some*thin' about it. Listen, comrades, we ain't *gettin'* nowhere.

A MEMBER: You're telling us?

HEMINGWAY: And if you don't sit down and shut (Continued on page 50)



TED HUSING

Read TED HUSING'S vivid account of a Chicago Motorist's Terror-Crowded Experience

TRAFFIC was heavy that blistering hot Summer afternoon as Mr. E. P. Keenan of Chicago, returning from a business trip, sped along Waukegan Road. His passenger, a fellow salesman, did most of the talking. Mr. Keenan was too busy keeping one eye glued on the oncoming traffic in the other lane.

Bang! Like a thunderbolt the staccato crack of a blow-out rose above the roar of the motor.



Keenan froze to the wheel. In desperation he gave a frenzied tug. The car bolted—lurched to the right—and came to a safe, but lucky, stop at the brink of a deep ditch.

It took Goodrich engineers to provide motorists with a real defense against treacherous high-speed blow-outs like this. They invented the now famous Life-Saver Golden Ply which is found only

in Goodrich Silvertown Tires. This remarkable Golden Ply is a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist the blowout-causing heat generated *inside* the tire. By resisting this heat, the blow-out that might have been, never gets a start. My advice to every motorist who has his own and his family's safety at heart is to see these life-saving tires at any

Goodrich Silvertown Store or Goodrich dealer. *The sooner the safer.*



# Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

## With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection



# Did You Ever Take an Internal Bath?

This may seem a strange question. But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line.

## What Is an Internal Bath?

Some understand an internal bath to be an enema. Others take it to be some new-fangled laxative. Both are wrong. A real, genuine, true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case.

A bona-fide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water, Tyrrellized by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J. B. L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now, here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema. The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus *n*. The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe," or to the first bend. The J. B. L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—and does it effectively. You have only to read that booklet "Why We Should Bathe Internally" to fully understand how the Cascade does it—without pain or discomfort.

## Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise, and highly artificial civilization, a large percentage of persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poisons breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

### Nurse Uses Cascade on Nearly Every Case

I have this to say now and always. I sure could not and would not be without a Cascade for my own use. I also use one in my work on nearly every case I go on. I enjoy using it because I can always depend on good results; it never fails me. I surely have had some wonderful results by the use of the Cascade. I guess I could fill a book with my different cases and the results I have had. I just couldn't nurse any more without it.

Lena Lierman, R. N.  
1731 Delaware St.  
Anderson, Ind.

these poisons, and internal bathing is an effective means. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of impurities—quick hygienic action. And each treatment tends to strengthen the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

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City ..... State .....

# The Minutes of the Previous Meeting

(Continued from page 49)

up we never will get anywhere tonight.

SMITH (now fully steamed up, and starting toward Hemingway threateningly): And if you don't quit tellin' me to sit down you'll never get nowhere, neither.

HEMINGWAY (jumping to his feet): Don't you try to start anything with me, or I'll—

(Members grab Smith and Hemingway.)

COMMANDER (thoroughly aroused, shouting): These personalities have got to stop! (BANG)

(There is a dead silence.)

COMMANDER (controlling himself): Proceed, Mr. Jones.

JONES: "Americanism Committee, reports progress. Boy Scout Committee, progress. Special committee to try and get a municipal Christmas tree—" (Three raps of the gavel.)

(The Department Vice Commander enters, is introduced by the Post Commander, speaks for an hour on the entire program of The American Legion, nationally, in the State, in the District and what the post should do about it, after which the members ask him questions for another half hour. He is then thanked by the Commander.)

COMMANDER: And now, gentlemen, we will proceed with the business before the Post. Where were we?

JONES: I was reading them minutes of the previous meeting.

COMMANDER (vaguely): Oh!

JONES (reading): "Moved that this Post invite the Department Vice Commander for this District to the next meeting. Carried. Moved—"

SMITH: Say, what happened about that municipal Christmas tree? Jones, why don't you read that?

ADAMS: Those minutes have got to be fixed up.

JONES: Whaddya mean, "fixed up?"

ADAMS: To show what actually did happen about that tree.

JONES: You guys don't know what happened yourselves. How do you expect me to know, because I remember now I had to go out and get a drink of water, or something, right then, and when I come

back the Commander was ruling somebody out of order. I don't know what happened while I was out because I ain't no spiritualist, and besides I don't like to write minutes, anyhow, and I only done it for—well, the next time you can get somebody else, because I ain't—

CHAIRMAN OF THE ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE (sticking his head in the door): Say, when are you windjammers going to quit belly-aching up here? We got some extra swell refreshments on account of the Department Vice Commander, and if you don't come and get it quick it won't be any good.

COMMANDER (to Jones): You haven't much more to read, have you, Jones?

JONES (counting his papers): Only—only about—about five pages.

(Loud groans.)

HEMINGWAY: Move we adjourn without ceremony.

JONES (with alacrity): Sennamotion.

COMMANDER (as everyone jumps up): The meeting is adjourned.

(Loud noise of shuffling of feet and conversation.)

SMITH (to Jones): I never seen a bunch of guys what could waste more time. We didn't do nothin' but have you read them minutes.

JONES: You said it, buddy.

SMITH: I knew it. Every time I stay away from one of these post meetin's somethin' like that happens. They got that last meetin' so balled up it took all this meetin' to try to straighten it out.

JONES: And it ain't straightened out yet.

SMITH: Hell, no. Look—here: We took all this meetin' goin' over and tryin' to find out what we did the last meetin', so if we read the minutes of *this* meetin' at the *next* meetin' we'll find ourselves goin' all over again what we did the meetin' before last. That's the trouble with this here post. But believe me, they ain't gonna read no minutes next meetin' if I can help it. I'm gonna make a motion to dispense with the readin' of the minutes of the previous meetin'.

JONES: You said it, buddy, you said it. And, boy, will I second *that* motion?

# Rome via Paris

(Continued from page 17)

Cape Cods to the *portugaises vertes de Claire* with that intriguing little coppersy taste that you can find on every street corner, in the humblest *bistros*. Then you have the mussels—*moules marinière*, with chlotte sauce, or with the wonderful cream gravy that is the hallmark of *Le Petit Coin*, that delectable little restaurant in the Rue Feydeau, just off the Bourse and a couple of blocks down from

the Grands Boulevards on the Rue Vivienne. Finally, you have *moules poulette*, hot and saucy, which bourgeois at the Ville de Rouen, or at Pharamond's, down in the Central Market region. And if your imagination in the eating line doesn't run beyond steak, go to Dagorno's, 192 Avenue Jean-Jaurès, hard by the stockyards of La Villette, where they chalk out their choice cuts on



the steer the while he's still on the hoof.

Snails! October's the month for them. Don't let your wives' cringing cow you, big boys! With the right garlicky sauce and a little sip of a *rosé* (pink) or white wine, they are the original nectar, goods, nuts, or cat's whiskers. Save the *crêpes Suzette* until you come back to New York (where they do them better, by the way), but by all means get down at least one dozen *escargots* while in Paris.

If you keep your breadbasket purring, cooing and contented, you will be able to see far more of the stately and gracious and lacelike monuments of the City of Light—Notre Dame, Sainte Chapelle, St. Etienne du Mont, the Panthéon, the Louvre, Sacré Coeur, and the rest, and Versailles beyond the walls—than if you stuck to graham crackers, ice water and a soft-boiled egg.

In the evenings, you will be set for any show in town, from the *Folies Bergères* and the *Casino de Paris* to the *Sphinx* and the *Opéra* and the *Comédie Française*. And once outside in the champagne-like snort-inspiring air you will yearn for a Welsh rabbit (you get them all over town), a *paté de foie gras* sandwich, a big bowl of hot onion soup with layers and layers of cheese-crusted toast dunked in it, and a *choucroute garnie*—hot dogs and ham and bacon and sauerkraut with a big *disingué* or *imponderable* of light or dark beer. That's your ration for midnight. After that, you will want to go places, and probably will. "Want a guide, sir?"

To get serious, and to impress your better halves, who have been leaning over your shoulders, I've always enjoyed that superb view over Paris from the top of Montmartre hill—or the less known but just as fine one from the Buttes Chaumont on the eastern fringe—far more in mid-autumn than in spring or summer. Besides, those magnificent parks of Paris—the Bois de Boulogne, Vincennes, Monceau, Montsouris, Luxembourg, Observatoire, and the others—have always intrigued me more when the heavy black-aproned, bare-kneed and grinning apple-cheeked children were scuffling through the rusty fallen leaves than even when the tulips, Holland's annual gift to France, were all abloom in the majestic Tuileries under old Lafayette's statue.

Don't miss those parks, even the little ones like the Batignolles, particularly on a Thursday afternoon when the youngsters have their half-holiday from their drab and horrid schools. There's where you'll see real French family outdoor life, bread-munching and sock-darning, and not in the night clubs of the Place Blanche and the Rue Pigalle.

Those A. E. Efficers among you who wangled the three-day pink passes to Paree, who were there on detached service and liquid coffee rations, or who just went plain AWOL to see the burg, wouldn't know the old place, it's become

so Americanized. You won't have to line up at the Y for your cigarettes, because you can get practically all our standard brands in any *tabac* on any corner, and fair cigars and pipe tobacco. You'll find that the dainty lips of the midinettes and *dactylos* are dancing up and down with chewing gum, that American movies pack them in, even when the text is in English, and that the taxis have radios.

Now off for Rome. If you can possibly arrange it, stop off on the way down at Dijon, the old capital of the duchy of Burgundy, only four hours out from the Gare de Lyon in Paris, and put up at the *Hotel de la Cloche*, the *Centrale*, *Maison Rouge*, or *Etoile du Nord*. Lunch or dine at the *Trois Faisans*, the *Châteaubriand* (named for the famous steak), the *Pré aux Clercs*, where all the soldiers and priests go (and believe me they know food) or in the *Brasserie du Miroir*.

In all of them the snails and game and roasts and vegetables and wines and cheeses and fruits abound in all their pristine freshness and pungency.

I'd arrange, if I were you, to get out of Dijon so as to be sure to cross the snow-capped Alps into Italy while the sun is just coming up, and the bugles of the Blue Devils of the *Chasseurs Alpains* are making their clear, cool notes re-echo from crag to crag. That should be one of the greatest sights and sensations of the whole trip, and for the extra cost of a stopover and baggage tips it's well worth a day's sacrifice. And try to stop in clean, orderly and symmetrical old Turin, which in many ways blends the best qualities of the French and Italian cities, where the cooking is *prima classa* and the nights are gay, so as to make that dazzling run down the Mediterranean seacoast, with the diamonds dancing out of the sapphire water, early next morning, and have sparkling Alessandria and grandiose and history-full Genoa hit you square in the eye.

I'd contrive to get into Rome just before nightfall, so as to enjoy the sunset along the cattle-filled Campagna, and see the Alban hills silhouetted against the lapis-lazuli sky. I'd dine early, preferably in the train, which is pretty good, and then take a *carozza*, a horse-drawn hack, for a leisurely walking pace ride through the Villa Borghese amid the tall murmuring poplars. I'd then skirt around through the Corso Umberto, the Main Street, with its shops and lights, dismiss the driver and horse at the Piazza Colonna, and duck into Berardo's in the arcade there for a beer or *cappuccino* (coffee and cream because of its monk-like color), listen to some good and lively music, and so to bed. There's no real night life in Rome, unless you make it yourself. But after Paris you won't care.

Early next day I'd hie me to the Janiculum hill, to see, as from the top of Montmartre in Paris, just how one of the two great (Continued on page 52)



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HERE'S a suggestion for men who find shaving a task to be dreaded. Switch back to using Gillette Blades in your Gillette Razor. Then notice how smoothly your razor removes every trace of stubble.

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"Psychiana," this new psychological religion, believes and teaches that it is today possible for every normal human being, understanding spiritual law as Christ understood it, "to duplicate every work that the Carpenter of Gallilee ever did"—it believes and teaches that when He said, "the things that I do shall ye do also," He meant what He said and meant it literally to all mankind, through all the ages.

Dr. Robinson has prepared a 6000 word treatise on "Psychiana," in which he tells about his long search for the Truth, how he finally came to the full realization of an Unseen Power or force "so dynamic in itself that all other powers and forces fade into insignificance beside it"—how he learned to commune directly with the living God, using this mighty, never-failing power to demonstrate health, happiness and financial success, and how any normal being may find and use it as Jesus did. He is now offering this treatise free to every reader of this magazine who writes him.

If you want to read this "highly interesting, revolutionary and fascinating story of the discovery of a great Truth," just send your name and address to Dr. Frank B. Robinson, 464-5th Street, Moscow, Idaho. It will be sent free and postpaid without cost or obligation. Write the Doctor today.—Copyright, 1935, Dr. Frank B. Robinson.

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## Rome via Paris

(Continued from page 51)

Latin cities that have ruled this world for so many centuries looks all spread out below you, with all its monuments and temples ashine. I'd take a turn over by the Vatican City, walk around in St. Peter's (it'll hold 70,000 of our size without crowding), and have the *carozza* driver amble back across the yellow and murky old Tiber to the Piazza di Spagna in the heart of left-bank Rome. There I would have a real American cocktail at Rampoldi's—tell the boss, Cesare, and his barkeep, Fortunato, that you know me—and then I'd sneak out of there into the nearby Via Frattina to the *Ristorante degli Abruzzi*, a scrubby looking little dump with sawdust on the floor and very plain chairs and tables, but where they make *fettucine*, those ticker-tape varieties of spaghetti, as nowhere else in the world, except perhaps at Alfredo's in the Via della Scrofa—street of the, er, lady-dog.

Whatever else you miss, don't fail to see the finely wrought statue of Moses in the church of San Pietro in Vincoli (St. Peter in Chains.) It's such a wonderful rendition of human anatomy that when tough old Michael Angelo completed it, he threw a hammer at the prophet's head, and shouted, "And now, you So-and-so, talk!" And do see the deftly moulded posterior of Pauline Bonaparte in the Galleria Borghese—the one that made our buddy Secretary of State Colonel Henry Stimson blush—which is such an intimate rearview that her big bad brother Napoleon threatened to disinherit her because she posed for it in the altogether. And, just to change the subject, if you're a real dirt farmer, go to the nearby International Institute of Agriculture; there's an American member of the board who will receive you with arms outspread and show you around.

It may be a bit cold in October for bathing on the beach at Ostia, Rome's great Coney Island, but anyway try and run down the magnificent auto speedway and lunch in the casino by the sea. Then there's the trip to restful Frascati with its charming villas, and to the waterfalls at Tivoli, all within easy autoriding. If you must stay in the city, by all means visit the Cathedral of St. John Lateran, "the first church of Christendom," and above all the museum alongside.

Of course you'll do the catacombs of St. Calixtus, where the system of trench warfare was first practiced in the time of the Caesars. You'll find plenty of polyglot guides for the Forum and the Circus Maximus, which saves me wind and paper. But I will say that those ruins of the ancient city-state that all but ruled the entire globe look far, far better under autumnal skies, and that the

purple sunsets over them will stay in your mind's eye forever. Finally, don't forget a drive up to the picnic gardens on the hill above the Piazza del Popolo (Place of the People) along about twilight, to watch the sun descend like a ball of red fire beyond the glittering dome of St. Peter's to the west. The inimitable French painter, Corot, once caught it and nailed it to canvas. It's yours, to have and to hold, for the mere looking.

Enough of sightseeing. When your dogs are fretting you, sit you down on the *terrazza* of Rosati's, in the Via Veneto, street of the swank strollers, smart shops, and big hotels, or at Aragno's downtown on the more middle-class Corso.

But if you're a beer-brother, get up to Albrecht's, in the Via Francesco Crispi, or down to Dreher's, in the Place of the Twelve Holy Apostles. The former has wieners always on tap, and the latter has real Gargantuan, gurgitating German food, schnitzels and sausages and cheeses and hams, and a fine brew from Trieste.

They will undoubtedly put on a great army show for you, if you get down there in any appreciable numbers. They will just as undoubtedly send thousands of flight and bombing planes up into the azure heavens of the capital. They'll have you taken over the new University City, all spick and span and cellophaned, the big sports stadium, and down to the admirable marshland reclamation projects such as Pontinia and Sabauda.

The St. Cecilia highbrow musical concerts will be on in full force when you're down there, which will give you a swell excuse to park mother and daughter in them. Being of the earth earthy, my favorite music in the Eternal City is not found in the Opera or in the Sistine Choir, but in what is trolled out to guitars and mandolins in some little *osteria* over in Trastevere, that delectably wicked region that lies just back of the Vatican on the rough right bank of the Tiber. There is good wine and "sunburnt mirth." There you will get the real songs of the people. I taught one Trastevere bard to play "Signorina da Armentiera" on the mouth organ. Do try and find him.

October nights in Rome call for double blankets, but the days from 10 A.M. until the Ave Maria (sunset to you) will be superb in brightness and fair warmth. Just to wind up, I am willing to bet that every mother's son of you, on your last evening there, will go down to the Fountain of Trevi in the center of the burg and throw a little copper coin into the foaming basin. Once that is done, according to the old civic legend, you are sure to come back, at least once, to Rome.

Paris and Rome—fifteen years of an amusing life, me buckos! *Bon voyage, mes camarades! Buon viaggio, camerati!*



# The Sidewalks of New York

(Continued from page 21)

since recent research claims that they did not belong to the tribe that actually owned the property. The huts and stockade which Minuit and his party built were the nucleus of New Amsterdam.

The last Dutch Governor was Peter Stuyvesant, a fiery old soldier who had lost a leg in battle and stumped around on a pegleg. He built the wooden palisade across the island from which Wall Street takes its name. He saw what was coming and vainly tried to stir his townsmen into preparations for defense. The English, having beaten the Dutch abroad, sent over a small fleet in 1664. Though its guns would have blown his fort to pieces, Governor Stuyvesant wanted to fight, but his own people would not support him and he was forced to surrender. Colonel Nichols, commanding for the Duke of York, brother of Charles II, was an officer with an eye to advancement. One of his first acts was to re-name New Amsterdam New York.

For one hundred years New York remained an English town; then signs began to appear that its days as such were numbered. George III and his ministers insisted on their stamp tax and made taxed tea the most unpopular beverage in the Colonies. What the British considered only a tempest in the Colonial teapot became the great storm of the Revolution. All our histories tell of the Boston Tea Party with its raid on British ships by citizens disguised as Indians. Few of them mention the fact that there was also a New York tea party which took place a little later than the Boston one only be-

cause the tea ships bound for New York were delayed by gales. When they docked, Sons of Liberty met in Fraunces' Tavern, which you may visit today in lower Manhattan, the building restored much as it was in those days. Not bothering to disguise themselves, the patriots marched with fife and drum to the wharf, boarded the British vessels and tossed the tea cases overside into the harbor.

The patriots and the British garrison of New York were ready to spring at each other's throats. Sons of Liberty would raise Liberty poles and the soldiers would chop them down. One day on a tree in the Common, now City Hall Park, the 16th Regiment of Foot posted a broadside which read:

"Those who style themselves Sons of Liberty can be called real enemies to society. This regiment has watched day and night for the safety and protection of the city and its inhabitants, suffering the rays of the scorching sun in summer and the severe colds of freezing snowy nights in winter."

Then, having complained of guard duty like soldiers always everywhere, the regiment broke into poetry to point a moral:

"God and a Soldier all men doth adore  
In time of War and not before;  
When the War is over and all things  
righted,  
God is forgotten and the Soldier  
slighted."

The Sons of Liberty took it as an insult. They clashed with the redcoats and several men were wounded. This affray took place weeks (Continued on page 54)

## FRITZ



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# The Sidewalks of New York

(Continued from page 53)

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## THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA FINANCIAL STATEMENT

February 28, 1937

### Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit . . .	\$ 640,910.76
Notes and accounts receivable . . .	59,103.58
Inventories . . .	168,375.89
Invested funds . . .	1,420,531.92
Permanent investment:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust	
Fund . . .	192,725.69
Office building, less depreciation,	
Washington, D. C. . .	128,430.98
Furniture, fixtures and equipment . .	35,221.35
Deferred charges . . .	21,510.27
	<b>\$2,666,810.44</b>

### Liabilities, Deferred Income and Net Worth

Current liabilities . . .	\$ 62,129.38
Funds restricted as to use . . .	58,189.93
Deferred income . . .	475,796.92
Permanent trust—Overseas Graves	
Decoration Trust . . .	191,657.52
	<b>\$ 787,773.75</b>
Net Worth:	
Restricted capital . . .	\$1,326,905.84
Unrestricted capital . . .	552,130.85
	<b>1,879,036.69</b>
	<b>\$2,666,810.44</b>

FRANK E. SAMUEL, National Adjutant

before the Boston Massacre and has been called the first bloodshed of the Revolution. When war was declared, the Americans seized New York City. During the short time that General George Washington's headquarters were in the town, a plot was formed, which, had it succeeded, would have vastly altered our history. A soldier attached to Washington's staff was in British pay. He decided to assassinate the American commander-in-chief. His preparations were made and he was ready to strike when he made the mistake of confiding in a girl with whom he was in love. She was the daughter of Sam Fraunces, keeper of the tavern that bore his name. The girl did not hesitate to turn the traitor over to Washington's guard.

Soon afterwards feminine patriots performed another great service to the American cause. The American Army had been badly defeated at the Battle of Long Island, which involved the loss of New York City. Washington's rear-

guard, retreating through Manhattan with the British close at their heels, were almost certain to be caught and crushed. They were saved by a brave and resourceful American woman and a little girl. The story is one of the best in the annals of New York.

If you walk along that handsome thoroughfare, Park Avenue, you will find near Thirty-eighth Street a tablet marking the site of the home of Robert Murray. (The vicinity is still known as Murray Hill.) Mrs. Murray watched the American retreat and determined to delay the pursuit. When the British generals and their staffs rode by, she invited them in for refreshments. They lingered in the hospitable house of their charming hostess, and when they rose to leave, she kept them still longer by asking the small daughter of an American officer, lying wounded upstairs, to sing. The child sang "Sally in our Alley," with several encores. When the British G. H. Q. moved on at last, the American Army had escaped to the Heights.

For seven years an Army of Occupation held New York. It will be interesting for some of you, who crossed the Rhine in 1918 and served in Germany, to recall that part of that A. of O. of 1776-83 was composed of regiments of Hessians, the German mercenaries hired out by their Duke to the British. Some of the

Hessians remained in New York after the war and became valued citizens, as are their descendants today. The Americans who suffered most during the occupation were prisoners of war, and that was due largely to the spite of one renegade.

A man named Cunningham, a Son of Liberty, deserted his comrades and became a British sergeant. Caught and beaten by his former friends, he took one of the most terrible revenges in history. The British made him Provost Marshal. His treatment of captured Americans, crammed into the New York jails and prison hulks in the harbor so tightly that when they lay down to sleep they could

only turn to one side or the other all at once at a word of command, was barbarous and inhuman. Prisoners died by the thousand. Escaping to England after the war, Cunningham killed himself.

When the British evacuated the city in 1783, New Yorkers saw the first of the great victory parades and there never has

been a more stirring one. General Knox, commanding, dismissed his troops on Broadway in front of Trinity Church. At Fraunces' Tavern, General Washington took his touching farewell of his officers. In 1789, he returned to take his oath of office as first President of the United States on the Balcony of Federal Hall on Wall Street, and for a time New York City was our nation's capital.

In the War of 1812, New York City expected attack by the British fleet. Earthworks were begun on Brooklyn Heights and at the Battery but their completion lagged. Thereupon lazy citizens were shamed by a remarkable spectacle—a one-woman parade down Broadway. It was a prominent society lady who had loaded up a wheelbarrow with earth from Trinity Churchyard and was trundling it down to the Battery fortifications. With such an example, the Engineers and volunteers made the dirt fly and the defenses were ready in no time.

Bloody fighting raged through New York streets in the Civil War. Operation of the draft law was the occasion for an outbreak by the worst elements in the city. Dodgers and criminals for several days practically controlled the city, drained of troops for the Battle of Gettysburg—burning, looting and hanging innocent Negroes from lampposts. Finally infantry and artillery, sweeping



the streets with grapeshot, routed the rioters.

One of New York's greatest contributions toward victory for the Union was made in 1862. In Greenwich Village lived an engineer, John Ericsson, former captain in the Swedish army. There he designed the iron-clad, screw-propeller warship, the *Monitor*. New York iron-works and shipyards built and launched her and their workmen manned the engines of the "cheesebox on a raft" when she steamed down the coast to Virginia and defeated the Confederate *Merrimac* in their celebrated battle. Ericsson's invention revolutionized naval construction.

So much for the military history of the city through whose streets you will march as generations of fighting men have before you.

Many volumes have been written about New York. It must be sufficient here to conclude with mention of some of the marvelous and curious facts about this great city. It has 3,000 miles of paved streets which are lit by 120,000 street lamps, costing about \$5,000,000 a year. It has the finest water system in the world and uses one billion gallons a day. Its one hundred legal courts are in daily session. It licenses 8,000 push-cart peddlers. There are more than 1,500 churches, and over 8,000 acres of parks.

The Empire State Building occupies less than an acre of ground that was part

of a two-acre farm sold in 1799 for \$2,500. There is a valuable tract of land devoted to a dog cemetery. Once dogs were part of the transportation system, hauling milk and water carts. Though you may never notice them in the mass of automobiles, surprisingly many horses still are used and stabled in the city by mounted units of the National Guard and police, private horsemen, truckmen, milkmen, brewers, and so on. Some of the stables are several stories high, with walk-up ramps and elevators. But the hurried citizen hails a horse-drawn hansom cab only for a leisurely lark. Habitually he takes a taxicab, a bus, a subway express which runs a mile a minute, and elevators which rise 800 feet a minute.

Universities, medical centers, stock exchanges, and numerous other noted institutions in virtually every field of human endeavor are on the roster of the metropolis. Calling their roll from the half dozen volumes into which New York's telephone book has split up would take many hours. Truly, it is a city that staggers the imagination. Its wonder is beyond the seasoned New Yorker, and the visitor is wise to map out limited sectors.

New York, a city well skilled at playing the host, awaits the Legion's arrival in September. That you will enjoy your visit is certain, and that you will want to come again is almost equally certain.

## Murder in the Movies

(Continued from page 11)

that we heard Marie laugh. It was a genuine laugh. Not one of those things they turn on for the sound track. I remember thinking, "Well, it did her good to get that crack at Gatski off her chest."

When they came in, Lanny Hoard, the writer, was with them. This "Back of the Boulevard" was his. Lanny had a soft spot in his heart for Marie . . . everybody who read the gossip columns knew that. She wasn't his big moment, or anything like that, but he liked to write pictures for her. And didn't often get the chance.

Marie played triangle stories usually, because she'd got typed that way, and Lanny wrote mysteries. And nothing else. There's a gag around the studio that he had a special key on his typewriter with "Gunfire!" on it. You know the sort of stuff. Melodrama.

He was a young fellow, around thirty-one or two, and not bad looking for a writer.

Marie and Jack were in the middle of the set by now, after looking in their mirrors, and Sam Masterford yelled, "Burn 'em!" The gaffer lifted his hand and the lights all went on in a blaze, and Lanny ducked back into the shadows.

At that moment, according to Archie Murphy, the cop at the door, there were twenty-two people on the set. No one could get in or out without passing him, and he had a reputation for keeping an accurate list.

Well, Masterford looked around and saw that everybody was ready, and then he asked Rose Graham, "Okay?"

You see, the script girl is responsible for any holes in the picture. It's up to her to make sure that one scene hooks up to the rest without any change in costume, or the way the players have their hair combed, or in the length of the ashes on their cigars. Detail, you understand. Script girl has to see everything, and remember it.

Now, when Masterford asked her if this scene was okay, she studied Jack carefully, then Marie, and finally she nodded sort of uncertainly. Masterford followed her eyes. He was a good director, remember, and I guess he saw the same thing she did. I know that I noticed it right away.

It wasn't anything you could put your finger on. But there *was* a change. Not in Jack, but in Marie. She was prettier, if anything, and it wasn't make-up, either, and it wasn't (Continued on page 56)

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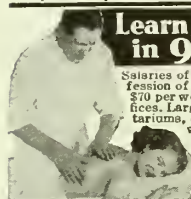
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# Murder in the Movies

(Continued from page 55)

the lights. She was just naturally prettier.

Of course, there isn't anything you can do in a case like that, except pray that it will hold out till you get the shot made. But Masterford didn't seem to be in any hurry.

"Well, are you going to shoot the scene?" Gatski wanted to know.

"Sure," Masterford said, and looked around again.

The gaffer called, "Lights okay."

"Sound okay," came out of the loud-speaker in the sound booth.

Assistant Director Bill Cook hollered, "Everybody quiet!"

"Look here a minute, Marie," Sam interrupted. He sounded troubled, all of a sudden. Marie looked at him, and now she wasn't pretty. I don't know why, but when she took her eyes off Jack, she just wasn't.

"Okay," Sam agreed after a minute, so she smiled at Jack again, and Jack smiled, making the prettiest two-shot you could imagine.

"Turn 'em," Sam said in a peculiar tone, like a sound track that's picked up an echo.

The camera chief pressed the button and answered, "She's turning."

"Camera," Sam called. "Action."

So there were Marie and Jack, under the lights, slipping closer and closer together, with the sound mike swinging over them to pick up their words.

"Jack!" Marie whispered. That was her final line, okay. You see, Jack Harter was playing a character named Jack. The script had him answer, "You, Judy! You, forever!" as they clinched.

But Jack didn't say, "You, Judy!" He said nothing. He just took Marie and held her close while his lips met hers. The camera chief was counting, wagging his finger like a referee for this ten-count fade-out. Only it went more than ten. It went about fifteen before Sam Masterford yelled, "Cut!"

Lanny Hoard whistled and called, "Atta boy!" He was a little fellow, not much taller than Joe Gatski, and he had a shrill voice.

"We do it over," Sam said. "You blew your line, Jack."

Lanny yelled, "What the hell if he did! It's a natural the way he did it! Leave the line out! I wrote it, and I admit it doesn't belong. His way, it's a natural!"

"A natural," Sam repeated. "Oh, yes."

"It's okay," Gatski called. "Wrap it up and go home!"

Sam stood a minute, rubbing the side of his nose, and I looked back at the stage, just to see what he was looking at, I guess, and there Marie and Jack were, still in each other's arms, as if they hadn't heard a word. I tell you, it made even me laugh, it was so comical. I wondered,

"Why did she ever quit him for a lug like Clem Batting?"

Of course she wasn't married to Batt-ing, now, either. That had lasted only a year, when Clem walked out on her, so, I thought, maybe Jack's on the inside track again.

I ran to my lockers, along the rear wall, where I keep my properties. You don't dare turn your back to properties without putting locks on them. The mixer opened the door of his sound booth and came down the steps, lighting his pipe. Lanny Hoard called, "Marie, can I speak to you?"

But she still wasn't listening. I was standing where I could see everything, Marie and Jack still on the set, the chief pushing his camera aside, and the script girl still sitting. The stage was dim.

Jack Harter wasn't talking now. Neither was Marie. They were just looking at each other. Hungrily.

Sam Masterford had walked off the set, looking back and sort of shrugging, and I saw him head toward the hooks on the east wall, where we hung our wraps. In the dark he bumped into Joe Gatski, but I was only twenty feet from them, and didn't hear Gatski say a word. Sam told the police afterward that Gatski mumbled, "Excuse me," which doesn't sound like Gatski.

Joan Nelson, the hair dresser, snapped shut her curler and eyelash box, and started toward the exit without saying goodnight to anybody. Lanny Hoard saw her go and walked quickly after her, as if he had an idea. The second camera man and one of the grips, a stage hand who'd been pushing the camera truck on the trucking shot, were at the door in plain sight of Murphy, the cop, when the shot sounded, so they were out, as far as suspects went. But where the gaffer went, nobody knew. And when the time came, he wouldn't tell.

I still was facing Jack Harter when it happened. It just went *plop*, not very loud. I couldn't even tell which direction the report came from, whether from the floor or the scaffolds overhead.

For ten seconds nothing happened. Neither Marie nor Jack moved an inch. Then Jack started to bend forward. Doc Herring, the studio night surgeon, said Jack died instantly. But he didn't fall instantly. I guess he was looking too hard at Marie for that. He bent a little, then straightened, and slid to the floor. His head bumped the table, and he lay quiet on his back.

Still nobody hollered. Marie dropped to her knees, whispering, "Jack! Oh, Jack! Speak to me!"

I didn't move. Couldn't. Just looked. So did Rose Graham. Only she listened, too. And saw and heard more than the



rest of us. Being a script girl, that was second nature to her.

Lanny Hoard came out of the shadows with a strained, peculiar expression on his face, both mad and surprised. He was holding up his right hand, and I saw he had a coin in his fingers. It turned out to be a nickel.

"What happened?" he asked. I heard Joe Gatski's heels slapping the floor behind Lanny, and of course Joe took charge. He's good at that. Maybe that's how he held his job so long.

He asked, "Why did the damn fool shoot himself?"

Marie looked at him, and if I ever saw hate, it was in her eyes. But she didn't answer; not with words. Just picked up Jack's head and put it gently in her lap and kissed his forehead, and the tears made zig-zag lines down her yellow make-up.

By this time Gatski was hollering. "Don't leave nobody get out! Where's Sam Masterford?"

"Coming," the director yelled, running forward, trying to get his arms into his topcoat sleeves, and looking astonished and scared.

Gatski hollered, "Call infirmary! Doctor! Police! No, no! Studio police! Come quick! Tell 'em Joe Gatski says so. Lights! Watch your dress, Marie—that blood will spoil it! It's charged to this production."

Nobody else said a word. But we were all there, thirteen of us. Twelve living, and Jack dead. Murphy the cop didn't leave the door, just blew five blasts of his whistle, over and over, calling help.

The gaffer threw some switches, and about a dozen lights flashed on, all seeming to point at Jack Harter's face. There was plenty of excitement.

Cap Wright, the night police chief, came at Doc Herring's heels, with a brace of studio cops behind him. Doc didn't even take out his stethoscope, just opened Jack's eyes and looked at them, then dusted off his hands and pulled Marie to her feet.

"Chair," he said quietly, and when I brought it, "Sit down, Miss Fleming. He's dead, of course. Who—" The doc didn't finish.

Cap Wright did that for him, though, right away.

"Who knocked him off?" he asked. He was a big man, ugly, with bug eyes. Honest, everybody said, but not exactly jolly. He'd fought off too many gate-crashers, trying to meet the stars, to have a nice personality.

Joe Gatski answered him, and what he said shocked most of us. "Who knocked him off?" he repeated. "Why, Marie did it."

Cap Wright grunted, "Hell to pay! Why'd she do it?"

Then I spoke up. I said, "She didn't."

"Oh," Cap Wright answered, sort of relieved.

Joe Gatski got mad and hollered at me, "What the hell do you know?"

Capushed him and asked, "Where's the gun?"

That hadn't occurred to us. We all looked around the floor, but no gun. Gatski told Cap to find it quick, but Cap didn't bother to answer. He lined us up, all except Marie. She still sat there, pinching her fingers and not looking pretty any more. Joe Gatski started to walk away, but Cap hollered, and he turned, sort of surprised, and came back.

Cap asked Rose Graham, "Just where were you, miss?"

"Sitting in that chair, right here," she pointed with her foot.

"That's right," the camera chief agreed. "All the time she set there."

Cap turned on him and asked, "Where was you, Dutch?"

"Pushing my camera, here, like this," the chief answered.

I said, "That's right. I could see them both."

"Could they both see you?" Cap asked suspiciously.

Rose spoke up. "I could," she said.

"Did he have anything in his hands?" Cap wanted to know.

She nodded. "A whisk broom. He was brushing his coat."

Cap laughed, it striking him funny I had a brush, when he was thinking of a gun. He asked Rose, "Did Miss Fleming have anything in her hands?"

"No," she answered. "Miss Fleming didn't shoot (Continued on page 58)"



## ATTENTION! ALL LEGIONNAIRES!

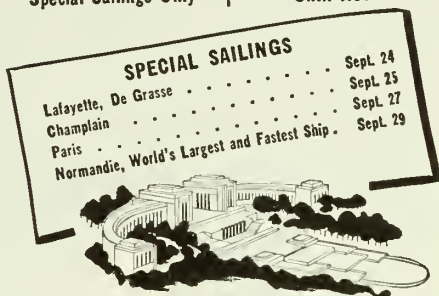
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GENERAL JAMES G. HARBORD belongs to Louis E. Davis Post, Bloomington, Illinois.

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# MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

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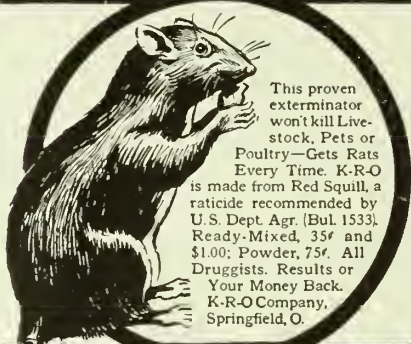
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## Murder in the Movies

(Continued from page 57)

him. Neither did the prop man nor Dutch. And I didn't. The shot came from back there." She pointed toward the corner of the stage, past an unfinished set of a library interior, with a statue of some kind on a bookshelf.

"How'd you know?" Joe Gatski asked.

"The sound came from there," she answered.

Doc Herring asked her to repeat that, and she pointed again.

"Where was Harter standing?" he inquired, and when I showed him, Doc said, "She's correct. The course of the slug is from left to right. Whoever shot him stood over there," he pointed, too, "some little distance."

We all looked toward the corner, which was light enough now, but had been plenty dark when Jack was shot. The two cops came back from prowling around and said nobody was hiding on the stage, and they could find no gun.

Cap Wright said, "Well, one of you did it. For the moment we'll count Miss Fleming out. And you, miss," he nodded to Rose, "and Dutch and this prop man," he pointed at me. "That leaves eight." He began to count them off. "Mr. Gatski, Mr. Masterford, the gaffer, this detective writer, this fellow." He pointed to the grip.

Murphy, the cop, interrupted: "He's okay, sir. Him and the second camera man were right inside the door when it happened. It wasn't them."

"Um," Cap answered. "There's still six to pick from. Guess I'll have to question all of you."

"Of course," Sam Masterford answered sensibly. "That's only right. Start on me."

But Cap didn't. He started by looking at the gaffer. I looked, too, and what I saw surprised me. For the gaffer was drunk. Extremely. Liquor was sticking out his ears, you might say. He hadn't been drunk when we wrapped up the picture fifteen minutes ago. We'd have known it, for he was a guy you had to watch; he'd even been warned that he'd lose his job if he brought another bottle on the lot.

Cap said, "What's wrong, Otto?"

"Hell with you," the gaffer answered, and Cap had his men search him, and while they searched, Cap asked, "Where were you, Otto, when the shot was fired?"

But the gaffer just said, "I don't like studio cops."

They found no gun on him, but something else. In his bill fold was a thing you'd not expect to find on a studio technician. A picture from some fan magazine. A picture of Marie Fleming.

Cap asked Marie politely, "He a friend of yours?" and pointed to the gaffer. She shook her head. But it set Cap to wondering about the rest of us, and when his

eyes came to Lanny Hoard, he frowned and remembered what the gossip colyums were saying about Lanny being that way about Marie.

"Where were you, Hoard?" he asked Lanny suddenly.

Lanny answered sarcastically, "Mr. Pinkerton grills suspect. Well, I was about to 'phone."

"No dirty cracks necessary," Cap told him. "You're so good at figuring things out, figure this one! Who saw you 'phoning?"

Lanny looked startled, and said, "Why—no one." He turned to Joan Nelson, and I remembered—he had followed the hairdresser off the set.

"He was talking to me," Joan backed him up. "Then he walked toward the 'phone and I started for the door."

"What did he talk to you about?" Cap asked.

Hoard answered, and you could see him getting red: "I borrowed a nickel of her. Hadn't a cent in my pants and wanted to 'phone for my car."

"That's right," Joan admitted, and Lanny held up the coin.

"I'd just got studio operator," he said, "and she told me to deposit five cents, and I heard the shot. I didn't put through the call."

Cap grunted, and went and whispered to his two cops, and they left the set, one going outdoors and the other starting to hunt inside again. Gatski was getting nervous. He said impatiently, "Well, do something!"

"All right. What were you doing?" Cap asked him, but Gatski had no time to answer. Marie, who hadn't spoken yet, answered for him.

"He was pulling the trigger," she said in a flat voice.

Sam Masterford went right over to her and began to talk soothingly, and Gatski tramped up and down and swore, and asked Cap Wright to search him, and called Marie names. So Cap got the story, prying it out of us, about the argument between Gatski and Marie and Jack.

"Well, where were you, Mr. Gatski?" Cap asked again.

"He should ask a supervisor where he was!" Gatski answered sort of jerkily. "I was by the water cooler. Taking a stomach tablet. I had the heartburn."

"Alone?"

Gatski yelled, "Of course, alone! Do I ask for the spotlight when I take a stomach tablet?"

Cap said to himself, "Mr. Gatski alone at the cooler, this writer alone at the telephone, the gaffer nobody knows where, but drunk."

Masterford broke in quietly, "I was alone, too. I'd gone for my coat and hat and stopped to put on my rubbers. They



went on hard. I was still working on them when I heard it."

Cap went and looked at the hooks where the wraps hung, and then asked Sam, "Did you pass anybody, going toward that corner?"

"Just Mr. Gatski," Sam said, and he told about bumping into Joe, and Joe's "Excuse me."

Cap said, "Un-huh," and looked at the sound mixer. He was the only one that hadn't confessed to being alone in the dark somewhere. Cap asked, "What's your name?"

"Battering," the mixer answered.

Cap repeated, "Battering?" He thought it over, still was thinking when Lanny Hoard spoke.

"Wasn't Clem Battering's real name Battering?" he asked.

Then I remembered. When Marie divorced Jack to marry Clem, the newspaper colyumists had dug up Clem's real name.

"Clem's my brother," the mixer said.

Marie looked at him quickly, with a scared expression, as if that were a secret she hadn't meant to tell. But Joan, the hairdresser, spoke up again at once. "Mr. Battering was ahead of me on the way to the door when the shot was fired. I could see him. I'd just left Lanny."

While Cap was thinking this over, the cop he'd sent off stage came back and whispered to him, and he nodded and looked at Lanny, then back at the mixer.

"So Clem's your brother," he said. "But the girl claims she saw you heading toward the door when the shot was fired. If you didn't do it, it's a good thing you've got an alibi."

He didn't seem satisfied, however. When the cop came back still without the gun, Cap searched us all, regardless. He got the three women to help him search each other, even, but there wasn't any gun. All this took time. It was three o'clock and we were getting nowhere fast, when suddenly Rose spoke up.

"You're running in a circle," she accused, and Cap said:

"Yeh? You could do better?"

Rose blushed easy, but she stuck to it. And everybody listened. Everybody around a studio knows about script girls and what kind of eyes and ears they've got.

"You know already it's one of us," she said, "and you yourself limit it to one out of six."

"That's right," Cap agreed.

"Of those six, let's start with Otto, then," Rose said. "He's got a picture of Miss Fleming in his pocket. But regardless of that, he's just plain drunk."

"Not drunk," the gaffer denied.

"He'll not tell us what he was doing at the minute," she admitted, "but that's explainable. He was drinking on the set and didn't want to lose his job."

Cap argues, "We can't find any bottle."

"I saw Otto hide a bottle once before," Rose said. She walked back along the wall, where a battery of lights stood

ready to work on the rose trellis set in the morning. She looked into the barrel of each light and finally called Cap. "He spilled it, you see," she pointed out as Cap lifted an empty bottle from the light. "Didn't put the cork back in. There's the liquor, running down inside the light."

"My bottle," Otto grunted, and Cap asked:

"What does it prove?"

"Why, that he was drinking when the shot occurred," Rose said. "The sound scared him, and he dropped the stopper. There it is, on the floor. It was too dark to find it, so he did the next best thing. Put the bottle away open."

Cap admitted, "It's possible. That would put the gaffer at the opposite corner of the stage from the murderer, in spite of the picture in his pocket."

"That leaves five," Rose said. "As for Battering, he has Joan's alibi." She looked at the sound mixer, and he tried to smile. "That's enough, isn't it? In spite of his being the brother of Marie's former husband?"

Cap didn't like to count the mixer out, but at last he said, "For the time being, okay. That leaves—"

"Joan herself," Rose said, "which is ridiculous. And Mr. Gatski, and Sam Masterford, and Lanny Hoard."

Lanny cried, "You're crazy, Rose. You've got to show a motive."

"Yes, when writing a melodrama," she answered, without looking at him. "But this isn't a script. It's facts. The sort of things I'm used to, day in and day out."

Lanny started to storm, and Cap told him to shut up.

"Lanny either talked himself into a hole or out of it a bit ago," Rose said. "He claimed he had the receiver off the hook, with the operator listening for the sound of a nickel hitting the bell, when the shot was fired."

Cap smiled. "Smart girl," he said. "I thought of that, too. Hoard told the truth. My man checked with the operator. She heard the shot, and Hoard saying, 'What the hell!'"

"That leaves two," Rose went on, holding up two fingers, "Mr. Gatski and Sam Masterford."

Joe Gatski began to holler all over again and nothing could stop him this time. He said he'd get the girl's job, and he talked about his lawyers, and walked up and down, banging his heels on the floor. At last Cap got him quiet, telling him what this girl said wasn't important. But Joe went on giving her filthy looks just the same.

She said, "Sam was putting on his rubbers, over by that wall. The murderer," she hesitated, as if she didn't like the taste of the word on her tongue, then in spite of herself she repeated it, "the murderer was standing somewhere near the end of that unfinished library set there, and Sam was in behind it. And Mr. Gatski was back (Continued on page 60)

# ITALY

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## Murder in the Movies

(Continued from page 59)

near the rose trellisset you see over there."

"Why, that's right," Gatski yelled. "I couldn't shoot around corners!"

"How do you know where Gatski was?" Cap asked.

"My ears told me," Rose said. "Haven't you heard him walk? He runs the same way, hitting the floor first with his heels. I think he'll drive me crazy sometimes on a set. To get to the place from which the shot was fired, and back again, in that short time, he'd have had to run. But he didn't run. I was listening."

Sam Masterford looked sort of astonished.

"So you put me behind the eight ball in your calculations?" he asked.

Rose answered, "No. Behind the pistol. You shot Jack."

Sam didn't say a word. Not a word. Just blinked his gray eyes behind his glasses and looked at Marie. She got up to her feet, slowly, and if a woman ever had suffering in her face, she did at that moment.

"So it was you, Sam," she whispered. "Sam, I understand now. All this talk about you loving me!"

Gatski grumbled, "It's screwy, perfectly screwy! Sam Masterford wouldn't shoot a—"

"Mr. Masterford saw the same thing I did," Rose went on, speaking to Lanny Hoard. "The reason Jack blew up on his last line was that there wasn't any line. They were just falling in love all over again." Marie sobbed out loud, but Rose couldn't stop. "It wasn't acting at all," she explained. "Someone called the scene a natural. It was. Sam recognized it. He tried to change it. Didn't like it, and didn't even want to shoot it. He put it off as long as he could. But Marie kept right on looking at Jack the same way."

Still Sam didn't say a word.

"He has his rubbers on," Rose added. "Remember, he called attention to them. said he had a hard time getting them on. You can't hear a man run in rubbers."

Lanny broke in, half-defending Sam. "You didn't find any gun on him!"

"That's right," Cap agreed, "we haven't found any gun."

Rose looked toward the library set, with its bookshelves half full. She said, "Did you look back of the books?"

The two cops began to tear down the books. There the gun was, on the top shelf.

Rose said, "Sam and I worked on a quicky together, six or eight years back. One of the first sound-effects jobs. He ran in a scene then of a fellow hiding a gun in the bookshelves of a library. I've always remembered it."

"Oh," Sam said, and sweat began



running again off his long, thin nose. "I see. That's where the idea came from," and then he asked the only question in his own defense. "Why didn't Gatski put it there? Or Hoard?"

"They weren't near enough," Rose answered, "and besides, they couldn't reach that high shelf, Sam."

"They could throw it up," he sort of argued.

"Not without me hearing it," she reminded him.

Cap turned to her. "Thanks, miss," he started to say, but Joe Gatski had pulled out his watch by this time, and he interrupted:

"Four o'clock!" he exclaimed. "And we haven't called the city police!" He

started for the 'phone, but turned around quickly. "Remember, holding you here was none of my doing. I'm paying no overtime after eleven o'clock. Charge it up to Masterford."

Sam just shrugged, and didn't say anything. He never was much of a hand to talk. He didn't even take the stand at the trial. Claimed he didn't remember anything about it. He didn't of course, but the public couldn't believe that. Never will. Somebody's hiding something, they think, but the reason for that is, they've never been on a set on a clean-up night. Anything can happen to anybody the last hours of any production. Like I said before, somebody ought to write a piece about it.

## Seashore or Mountains ~ Your Choice

(Continued from page 31)

its campaign, but as President and one of the moving spirits of the Iowa Safety Council. Between times he edits the *Globe-Gazette* in the city well known to the Legion as the home town of Hanford MacNider.

Frank Miles, the Iowa Legion publicist, comments on the award: "Out from the vision he caught in service to The American Legion and inspired by his love of serving God and country, Earl Hall has won fame in the safety field from coast to coast and from lakes to gulf. No one would be more eager to give the Legion credit than he, and no one would swear more by all that's holy than a hundred other men were more deserving."

### St. George Fire Fighters

Lester Keate Post at St. George, away down in the southwestern corner of Utah, was the latest to join the host of Legion fire-fighting posts, when it presented its home city with a complete fire-fighting equipment at a cost of \$3,200 and organized a volunteer fire department. Its next goal is to erect a building to house the equipment and at the same time provide club rooms for the post and the volunteer firemen. All this has been done by a post of twenty-five members in a town of twenty-five hundred.

This fine piece of community service was suggested by an explosion and fire in the Bloomington Dome oil field, near St. George, in which ten people lost their lives. Their town was without adequate protection. Lester Keate Post undertook the job of filling this need, and put it across.

### Correspondence Club

IN THE August, 1936, number of the Monthly mention was made of the effort of little Miss Jane Berndt, 1809 Alfred Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri, to

secure autographs of Legionnaires at the St. Louis Convention. As a result of the contacts made at that time and by reason of the magazine mention, Jane has developed a correspondence club numbering twenty-six daughters of Legionnaires in almost as many States. The club members are anxious to increase their number, and hope eventually to enroll at least one member in each State. Little Jane, who acts as a sort of director, is now in the sixth grade at the Mullanphy School. In event other daughters of Legionnaires would like to have this pleasant long range social contact, they can become members by writing to Jane.

### Aiding the Schools

Two splendid ideas for needed co-operation with local schools, and particularly those in the rural districts, which are worthy of consideration by other posts come to the Step-Keeper this month, one from a post in Massachusetts and the other in California. Springfield Post, at Springfield, Massachusetts, rendered a pioneer service to the public schools of its city by the presentation of equipment for audio visual education. The post provided funds for the purchase of a sound projector, a beaded screen and five reels of instructional films, and pledged additional funds to expand the work next year. This fine school service project was undertaken because of the conviction that this type of instruction is a vital necessity in progressive education.

From California, Myron D. Rummelsburg, Chairman of the Educational Committee of Hanford Post, at Hanford, writes that his post has presented radios and full equipment for operation to thirteen rural schools in its jurisdiction. This post acted on a chance remark from a rural teacher that the school needed a radio but had no funds for its purchase.

BOYD B. STUTLER.

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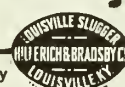
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# Early Birds of The Sea

(Continued from page 34)

again while singing some song. All the outfits but our own chose popular songs.

"Our colonel, together with our band master, took the music from the Soldiers' Chorus from 'Faust' and set Engineer words to it. The other outfits claimed our colonel had put one over on them. I don't know about that—the old boy had a pretty good noodle and maybe he did use it. Anyway, we got the cup. You see Madame Schumann-Heink was one of the judges."

**T**HERE'S still time for your outfit to make plans for a reunion during the nineteenth National Convention of the Legion in New York, September 20th to 23rd. You can make it anything from a Divisional get-together down to a gathering of the squad or even a twosome with your old buddy Pete or Hank or Bill. If it's for more than a squad you should write to Major General John F. O'Ryan, Reunions Chairman, of the National Convention Corporation, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, Room 3028, New York City. General O'Ryan and his efficient aids will see that you have every bit of information you need to make the reunion a success. At the same time let the Monthly know too, so that the reunion can be announced in this column. Women's service organizations planning get-togethers during the convention period should write Amy F. Patmore, who is Chairman of the Legion Women's Activities Committee of the National Convention Corporation at 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City.

Details of the following reunions planned for the convention period may be obtained from the Legionnaires listed:

**LEGION WOMEN'S ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE**—Reunion banquet and entertainment all Legion women, Monday evening, Sept. 20th. Amy F. Patmore, chmn., National Convention Corporation, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City.

**SOC. OF THE FIRST DIV.**—Annual national convention and reunion. Details to be announced. Joseph V. McCabe, 111 Broadway, New York City.

**SOC. OF 3D DIV., N. Y. BRANCH**—Dinner reunion for all Third Division men. Write to Samuel H. Kornbluth, comdr., 506 W. 213th st., New York City.

**4TH DIV. ASSOC.**—National reunion. Send name, address and stamped envelope to Carlton E. Dunn, gen. chmn., 8514-160th st., Jamaica, L. I., N. Y., for details.

**YANKEE (26TH) DIV. VET. ASSOC.**—Extra reunion during Legion convention. Benjamin Pitman, Pres., N. Y. Chapter, 74 West Park Place, Stamford, Conn.

**77TH DIV. ASSOC.**—National reunion and open house at 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th St., New York City. Reunion dinner on Sept. 22d. Send name, address and outfit to Jack Kantor, chmn., reunion comm., 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

**14TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.**—Herbert A. Hawarth, chmn., 117 Hillcrest av., Manhasset, L. I., N. Y. Write also to Carroll E. Scott, 54 College av., Medford, Mass., for copy of bi-monthly *News*.

**ENGINEERS (FORESTRY) 10TH, 20TH, 41ST, 42D AND 43D ENGRS., A. E. F.**—Proposed reunion and permanent organization at New York City convention. J. W. Tillotson, Elmsford, N. Y.

**21ST ENGRS. L. R. Soc.**—F. G. Webster, secy.-treas., 6819-a Prairie av., Chicago, Ill.

**23D ENGRS. ASSOC.**—Reunion with Metropolitan New York Group as host. Write to 23d Engrs. Assoc., Hotel Astor, New York City.

**35TH ENGRS.**—Reunion by mail and plans for New York convention reunion. Write to Fred Krahenbuhl, 1310 Hanover st., Hamilton, Ohio.

**39TH ENGRS.**—13th annual reunion, New York City. Charles M. Karl, secy.-treas., 11640 Princeton av., Chicago, Ill.

**42D ENGRS.**—Reunion. Daniel J. Boyle, pres., Peabody, Mass.; Vic MacKenzie, secy., care of A. L. 1937 Natl. Conv. Corp., 30 Rockefeller Plaza, Room 3028, New York City.

**55TH ENGRS.**—Proposed reunion. I. A. Klarnetsky, Box 73, Blackwood, N. J.

**212TH ENGRS.**—Proposed reunion. Report promptly to Raymond G. Fey (cpl., Co. A), 109 Shepherd av., Brooklyn, N. Y.

**502D BN., ENGRS., Cos. A, B, C and D**—Proposed reunion and permanent organization. Wm. J. M. Yingling, 24 E. King st., Littletown, Adams Co., Pa.

**20TH U. S. INF. VETS.**—Extra reunion during Legion convention. Write Charles F. Tully, 315 Fairfield av., Ridgewood, N. J.

**CO. C, 50TH INF.**—Proposed reunion. David Turpin, 198 Grady av., Athens, Georgia.

**52D PIONEER INF.**—Annual reunion. N. J. Brooks, 2 West 45th st., New York City.

**4TH BN., INF., C. O. T. S., Camp Pike, Ark.**—Reunion. Jos. B. Milgram, 18 Lake av., Sweeneyhead Bay, Brooklyn, N. Y.

**3D F. A., BTRY, B, 6TH DIV.**—Proposed reunion. Paul K. Fuhrman, 525 E. Walnut st., Hanover, Pa.

**1ST SEP. BRIG., C. A. C. Assoc.**—Reorganization banquet and reunion. William G. Kuenzel, 678 S. East st., Holyoke, Mass.

**1ST AND 2D COS., SYRACUSE DET.**—Reunion. Frank A. Vancini, Post Office, Plymouth, Mass.

**312TH AMMUN. TRN., Co. G**—Ralph S. Heaton, Piermont rd., Closter, N. J.

**104TH F. S. BN., 29TH DIV.**—Proposed reunion. George Deeken, secy., Elks Club, 2855 Boulevard, Jersey City, N. J.

**104TH F. S. BN., Cos. A, B, C and MED. DET.**—Proposed reunion. David A. Nimmo, 75 Montgomery st., Jersey City, N. J.

**302D F. S. BN.**—Reunion Hq. at 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th st., New York City. Jos. W. Smith, secy., care of Clubhouse.

**401ST TEL. BN.**—Proposed reunion. Edward B. Geary, 10 Old Orchard rd., Saco, Maine.

**1ST DEPOT BN., SIG. CORPS, RES., Ft. Wood, N. Y.**—Proposed reunion at 165th (old 69th) Regt. Armory, New York City. Silas A. Waddell, 627 Chislett st., Pittsburgh, Pa.

**ORD. DET., DOMGERMAIN**—Reunion. Fabian F. Levy, 419 W. Upsal st., Philadelphia, Pa.

**AIR SERV. VETS.**—General reunion of all air

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CHATHAM (Mass.) AIR STATION—Reunion of all veterans of 1918. Louis White, 240 Centre st., Room 115, New York City.

113TH AERO SQDRN., SQDRN. C. ELLINGTON FIELD, TEX.—Proposed reunion, officers and men. A. K. Westbrook, care of Hobart Mfg. Co., 71 Madison av., New York City.

BEAUMONT OVERSEAS CLUB, INC., 200-201st (496-497th) AERO SQDRNS.—20th annual reunion, during convention. Warren E. Wastie, secy., 6 Cedar st., Lynbrook, L. I., N. Y.

225TH AERO SQDRN.—L. J. Ford, 628 W. York st., Philadelphia, Pa.

309TH AERO SQDRN.—Waldo E. Merritt, 2 Church st., Allentown, N. J.

486TH AERO SQDRN.—William A. Skinner, 75 Cedar st., Bangor, Maine.

190TH, 191st, 343d AERO SQDRNS. (2nd Prov. Wing)—Reunion. Joe Palladine, 118 N. Pittsburg st., Connellsville, Pa.

NATL. ASSOC. AMERICAN BALLOON CORPS VETS.—Annual reunion. Harlo R. Hollenbeck, personnel officer, 117 Seedorf st., Battle Creek, Mich.

TANK CORPS VETS.—Reunion and dinner under auspices Tank Corps Post, A. L. New York City. Henry W. Bellsmith, adjt., P. O. Box 589, Islip, L. I., N. Y.

CHEMICAL WARFARE SERVICE (Edgewood Arsenal and elsewhere)—Reunion and proposed permanent organization. George W. Nichols, R. 3, Box 75, Kingston, N. Y.

FIRST GAS REGT.—Proposed reunion. Leo Meyerowitz, 51 Chambers st., New York City. 3d Army M. P. Bx. (Coblentz)—Reunion and proposed organization. Clarence P. McGee, New Iberia, La.

FIRE TRUCK AND HOSE CO. 324—Harry C. Davis, 71 Main st., Ashland, Mass.

3d HEAVY MOB. ORDN. REPAIR SHOP—Proposed reunion. F. S. Earnshaw, co. clerk, Moundsville, W. Va.

314TH SUP. CO., Q. M. C.—Arthur Booth, 1801 Natl. Bank bldg., Detroit, Mich.

318TH SUP. CO., Q. M. C.—Annual reunion. William (Speed) Leckie, R. 1, Wantagh, L. I., N. Y.

319TH SUP. CO., Q. M. C., and others at St. Sulpice, Bordeaux, etc.—Reunion. Milton Gordon, 300 Madison Avenue, Room 601, New York City.

324TH SUP. CO., A. E. F.—Proposed reunion officers and men. Arthur C. Dennison, 1343 Princeton av., Philadelphia, Pa.

414TH MOTOR TRUCK CO.—Proposed reunion. Ed. S. McGinnis, 215 E. Brown st., Norristown, Pa. Co. A, 439TH MOTOR SUP. TRN., M. T. C., A. E. F.—First national reunion. Veterans of other companies invited. H. Frank Jones, reunion chmn., 395 Broadway, New York City.

MOTOR TRUCK CO. 465, M. S. T. 417—Proposed reunion. Stephen S. Stasiowski, 34 Monroe st., Chicopee Falls, Mass.

NATL. ORGANIZATION WORLD WAR NURSES—Annual reunion breakfast, Tues., Sept. 21; executive meeting Sunday evening, Sept. 19. Details may be obtained from Maude F. Mann, cmdr., 120 Ward st., Paterson, N. J.

BASE HOSP. No. 44—Proposed reunion. Thomas McGann, 296 Allston st., Brookline, Mass.

BASE HOSP. No. 136—5th annual reunion, New York City, Sept. 20-23. Grover C. Potts, secy., 947 Keswick blvd., Louisville, Ky.

EVAC. HOSP., No. 14—Proposed reunion of officers and men. J. Charles Meloy, Room 3050, Grand Central Terminal, New York City.

VETERINARY HOSP. No. 6—Reunion. Colenzo H. Hoffmire, Adrian, Michigan.

WALTER REED HOSP., Washington, D. C.—Proposed reunion of veterans in Wards 12, 13, 18 and 53 during 1919. Chris Evensen, Box 121, Templeton, Mass.

SIXTH BATTLE SQDRN., GRAND FLEET—Reunion of vets of U. S. S. New York, Texas, Wyoming, Arkansas, Florida and Delaware. C. Ivar Peterson, care of C. O. Miller Co., Stamford, Conn.

CAMP ROCHAMBEAU ST. PIERRE-DES-CORPS.—Proposed reunion and organization. John J. Santry, 202 Pond st., So. Weymouth, Mass.

PERSONNEL, RAILROAD, 10TH AREA, A. E. F., ROLAMPONT—Proposed reunion. Ernest R. Vader, 132 East Lincoln av., Oshkosh, Wis.

S. S. Coamo, ARMED GUARD—Proposed reunion. George Shanks, 81 Wilson st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

U. S. S. Connecticut—Proposed reunion and permanent organization. F. N. Knight, Box 487, Closter, N. J.

U. S. S. Eleano, ASIATIC STATION, 17-18-19—Proposed reunion. Bert M. Mooney, 136 Passaic st., Trenton, N. J.

U. S. S. George Washington—Reunion of vets who served between July, 1917, and Jan., 1919. Andrew Butterworth, 89-88 214th pl., Hollis, L. I., N. Y.

U. S. S. Indiana—Crew reunion. Clark Gallagher, Monroe, Mich.

U. S. S. Iowa—Reunion. Wendell R. Lerch, 400 Front st., Berea, Ohio.

U. S. S. Niagara—Proposed reunion. Irving E. Ellis, 26 Robert st., New Britain, Conn.

U. S. S. Paducah—Reunion and proposed permanent organization. Harry A. Fairbrother, 327 Wagaraw rd., Hawthorne, N. J.

U. S. S. Plattsburg—Reunion of vets of 1917 to 1919. Daniel F. Dugan, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.

U. S. S. Quinnebaug (North Sea Mine-layer)—Proposed reunion, officers and men. Edward J. Stewart, care of The New York Times, 229 W. 43d st., New York City.

U. S. S. San Diego—Proposed reunion, Marine det. D. Miller White, Marshalltown, Iowa.

U. S. S. Seattle—Proposed reunion. Henry P. Fink, 5 Park st., Easthampton, Mass.

U. S. S. Susquehanna—Proposed reunion. Carl Spencer, Ocean View, Norfolk, Va.

U. S. S. Wilhelmmina—Walter G. Peterson, Josephthal & Co., 120 Broadway, New York City.

U. S. S. Athenia—Proposed reunion of survivors of ship torpedoed near Ireland. G. E. Pitney, 48 Davenport av., Greenwich, Conn.

U. S. SUB-CHASER No. 23—Thomas J. Hutton, Pompton Lakes, N. J.

U. S. SUB-CHASER No. 90—John C. Perry, Acushnet rd., Mattapoisett, Mass.

U. S. SUB-CHASER No. 252, BASE 27, PLYMOUTH, ENG.—Proposed reunion. E. L. Anderson, 92 E. Elm av., Wollaston, Mass.

U. S. SUB-CHASERS 343, 344, 345 and 346—Proposed reunion. Walter "Buck" Fulmer, 4405 Unruh st., Philadelphia, Pa.

U. S. SUB. FLOTILLA, 8TH DIV.—Albert W. Lawton, Jr., 179 Green st., Fairhaven, Mass.

U. S. NAV. BASE No. 29, CARDIFF, WALES—Proposed reunion. P. H. (Larry) Tuttle, Box 305, Somerville, N. J.

HOSP. CORPS. U. S. N. TRNG. STA., NEWPORT—Kenneth D. Marks, 1307 W. Susquehanna av., Philadelphia, Pa.

U. S. N. R. F., ANNAPOLIS RIFLE RANGE—Ernest Dalman, 121 Crescent st., Allegan, Mich.

SYRACUSE (N. Y.) CAMP BAND—Also Hq. Co. men and officers. Al Pearson, Legion Club, Mankato, Minn.

VETS. OF A. E. F. SIBERIA—Proposed reunion and banquet, Tues., Sept. 21. Claude P. Deal, 920 Chester William bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

LEGION LAST MAN'S CLUBS—47th Last Man's Club, Cook Co., Chicago, Ill., will be host to all Last Man's Clubs of the Legion during Convention in New York. Address, Walter Schalk, Secy., 11 E. Hubbard st., Chicago, Ill.

THE NATIONAL YEOMEN F.—Annual meeting and reunion. Mrs. Irene M. Brown, chmn., Room 2307, 26 Broadway, New York City.

AMERICAN LEGION FOUNDERS—Reunion dinner. Send names and addresses of all delegates to Paris and St. Louis caucuses to Col. Hubert J. Turney, Engrs. Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

## Notices of reunions and other activities at other times and places follow:

SECOND DIV. ASSOC.—19th annual reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa., July 15-17. Hq. at William Penn Hotel. James L. Sykes, chmn., 213 Coltart sq., Pittsburgh. For information regarding special train leaving Chicago, July 14th for Pittsburgh, write to Geo. V. Gordon, 5814 Winthrop av., Chicago, Ill.

SOC. OF 3d DIV., N. Y. BRANCH—For copy of "The Third (Marne) Div. in the World War," send name, address and outfit to Samuel H. Kornbluth, cmdr., 506 W. 213th st., New York City.

FOURTH DIV., OHIO CHAPTER—Reunion and banquet. W. D. Steele, 6161 Westerville Rd., Westerville, Ohio.

SOC. OF 5TH DIV.—Annual reunion, Hotel New Yorker, New York City, Labor Day week-end Sept. 4-6. Walter E. Eabisch, chmn., 1201 University av., New York City. For sample copy of *The Red Diamond*, bi-monthly paper, report to Soc. of 5th Div., Box 136, Elizabeth, N. J.

YANKEE (26TH) DIV. VET. ASSOC.—Annual national convention, Portland, Maine, June 25-27. Percy R. W. Witham, conv. secy., 9 Free st., Portland.

SOC. OF 28TH DIV.—For roster and notice of reunion, report to Frank T. Sargent, 444 Neshannock av., New Castle, Pa.

MAJ. GEN. CHARLES H. MUIR POST, SOC. OF 28TH DIV.—New organization of Keystoners in N. Y., N. J. and Conn. area. Report to Joseph F. Anselmin, pres., 30-23 42d st., Long Island City, N. Y.

30TH DIV. A. E. F. ASSOC.—20th anniversary reunion in Greenville, S. C., Sept. 29-30. Report to Broadus Bailey, Box 563, Greenville.

30TH DIV.—Official history, "The 30th Division in the World War," may be ordered from E. A. Murphy, c/o The Old Hickory Pub. Co., Lepanto, Ark.

34TH (Sandstorm) DIV.—Reunion, Des Moines, Iowa, Aug. 8-10. Lacey Darnell, Webster City, Iowa.

RAINBOW (42d) DIV. VETS.—National convention and reunion, Columbus, Ohio, July 12-14. *Rainbow Reville* mailed free to all vets of division. Write to Sharon C. Cover, natl. secy., 4643 Nottingham rd., Detroit, Mich.

42d Div.—Official divisional history, "Americans All—The Rainbow at War," three dollars. Order from Sharon C. Cover, natl. secy., 4643 Nottingham rd., Detroit, Mich.

OHIO CHAP., RAINBOW DIV. VETS.—Annual reunion, Marion, Ohio, June 5-6. Fred Miller, Marion.

20TH U. S. INF. VETS.—10th annual reunion, Fort Francis E. Warren, Cheyenne, Wyo., (present station of regiment), July 12-14. R. N. Matthews, adjt., Q. M. R. 1, Albion, Ind.

127TH INF. VETS. ASSOC.—Biennial convention, Beloit, Wis., Aug. 7-8. Write Byron Beveridge, 1148 Florence Court, Madison, Wisconsin.

312TH INF. ASSOC.—Annual reunion dinner, Essex House, Newark, N. J., Sat., May 22. Edward W. Ogle, chmn., 620 High st., Newark.

313TH INF.—20th anniversary reunion, Baltimore, Md., Sept. 25-26. 313th Inf. Reunion Assoc., 924 St. Paul st., Baltimore.

355TH INF.—Annual reunion, Sept. 12-13, North Platte, Nebraska. C. C. Becker, Adult Probation Office, Lincoln, Nebr. (Continued on page 64)

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## EUROPE AFTER THE CONVENTION

Special for Legionnaires only! 20% off on your round-trip passage—sailing in any of the 6 ships listed, including the World's Newest and Fastest Liner Queen Mary—returning in any liner of Cunard White Star. This brings the round-trip cost to France down as low as \$236 Cabin . . . \$173 Tourist . . . \$127.50 Third Class.

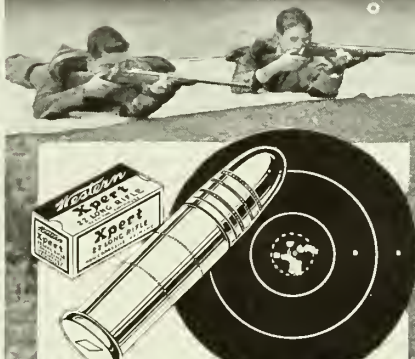
Direct to France	Direct to England
Queen Mary . . . Sept. 22	Samaria . . . . . Oct. 1
Laconia . . . . . Sept. 24	Georgic . . . . . Oct. 2
Berengaria . . . . . Sept. 29	
Queen Mary . . . Oct. 6	Scythia . . . . . Oct. 9

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Many Legion Posts, Churches, Lodges and Promoters of Public Events now carry "Rain Insurance" indemnifying against loss of income or expense.

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Applications must be filed seven days prior to event.  
See Local Agent in your town, or address  
Rain Department, 209 W. Jackson St., Chicago, Illinois.

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If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you choke and gasp for breath, if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe, if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address  
**Frontier Asthma Co., 205-B, Frontier Bldg., 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.**

## Early Birds of The Sea

(Continued from page 63)

Co. B, 359TH INF., 90TH DIV.—Annual reunion, Sept. 12, Denton, Texas. Fred Hopkins, Krum, Texas.

11TH F. A.—Annual reunion, Columbus, Ohio, Sept. 4-6. R. C. Dickieson, 6140 Saunders st., Elmhurst, N. Y.

17TH F. A.—Bowley's Artillery reunion during 2d Div. reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa., July 15-17. Peter C. Nessbaum, secy.-treas., 114-59 211th st., St. Albans, L. I., N. Y.

76TH F. A., 3d Div.—20th anniversary reunion, with 3d Div. reunion, Washington, D. C., July 15-18. Wm. A. Shomaker, secy., 3811 25th pl., N. E., Washington.

324TH F. A.—Annual reunion, Springfield, Ohio, Aug. 7-8. Write H. W. Chivers, 40 West Gay st., Columbus, Ohio.

Btry. C, 150TH F. A., 42d Div.—18th annual reunion and contest in Lafayette, June 19-20. Floyd W. Sense, 411 Evergreen st., West Lafayette, Indiana.

313TH F. S. BN.—Annual reunion, Chamberlain Hotel, Des Moines, Iowa, Oct. 2. Dr. Chas. L. Jones, secy., Gilmore City, Iowa.

May 19th. Ray Calvert, c/o H. W. Wilson, 1617 Walnut st., Philadelphia, Pa.

BASE HOSPITAL UNIT 21—20th anniversary reunion, May 14-15, St. Louis, Mo., W. E. Engel, 514 Commercial bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

BASE HOSPITAL No. 45 VETS. Assoc.—Send names and addresses for new roster to L. C. Bird, adjt., Richmond, Va.

BASE HOSPITAL No. 65—Annual reunion, King Cotton Hotel, Greensboro, N. C., Labor Day, Sept. 6. Roy C. Millikan, Box 1208, Greensboro.

305-6-7-8 HOSP. AND 305-6-7-8 AMB. Cos.—20th anniversary reunion dinner, 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th st., New York City, May 15. I. Bregoff, secy., 521 Fifth av., New York City.

U. S. ARMY AMB. CORPS. (USAAC)—20th anniversary of opening of Camp Crane and 18th national convention, Allentown, Pa., June 21-27. Arthur Markley, chmn., 316 N. 7th st., Allentown.

AIR SERV., ESSINGTON, PA., ANN LAKE CHARLES, LA.—17th annual reunion, Essington, Pa., in May. S. H. Paul, 520 E. Gravers Lane, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa.

50TH AERO SQDRN.—Annual reunion, Wheeling,



THE SALUTING DEMON OF THE A. E. F.  
PROUDLY SALUTES HIS OWN SERVICE STRIPES  
THE DAY HE RATES THEM, IN PARIS, 1919...

223D FIELD BN., S. C.—Vets interested in proposed reunion, write to Edw. C. (Nick) Carter, Ava, Ill.

12TH ENGRS., A. E. F.—Proposed reunion. Write John J. Barada, 4998 Fairview, St. Louis, Mo.

VETS. OF 13TH ENGRS. (Ry.)—8th annual reunion, Plankinton Hotel, Milwaukee, Wisc., June 18-20. James A. Elliott, 721 E. 21st st., Little Rock, Ark.

Co. D, 19TH ENGRS. (Ry.)—Proposed reunion. Frank R. Elliott, 1807 N. Camac st., Philadelphia, Pa.

24TH ENGRS. BAND—Letter reunion and plans for permanent organization. Frank (Pop) Reeves, New Burlington, Ohio.

VETS. 31ST RY. ENGRS.—Annual reunion, Los Angeles, Calif., June 19-21. F. E. Love, secy.-treas., 101 1/2 First st., S. W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

34TH ENGRS. VETS. Assoc.—Annual reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa., Sept. 5. George Remple, secy., 2521 N. Main st., Dayton, Ohio.

109TH ENGRS. Assoc.—Biennial reunion, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Oct. 23. L. O. Tisdale, secy.-treas., 1718 Park av., S. E., Cedar Rapids.

314TH ENGRS.—Annual reunion, St. Charles, Mo., Sept. or Oct. Bob Walker, 2720 a Ann av., St. Louis, Mo.

308TH MOTOR SUP. TRN.—Annual reunion, Warren, Ohio, Sept. 4-6. Albert G. Vetter, 2849 Detroit av., Toledo, Ohio.

314TH AMMUN. TRN.—Annual reunion, Fremont, Nebr., Aug. 8. Send names and addresses to Ray L. Speth, secy., Scribner, Nebr., for new roster.

300TH SUPPLY TRAIN SOCIETY—Reunion Company C, Aug. 7-8, Neil House, Columbus, Ohio. H. T. Lawless, 2553 Collis av., Huntington, W. Va. Reunion Company F, write C. C. Perry, Bardwell, Ky.

BASE HOSP. No. 10—Reunion in Philadelphia,

W. Va., Sept. 4-7. J. Howard Hill, Hotel Portage, Akron, Ohio.

199TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion, Kansas City, Mo., June or Aug. H. A. Rohrer, Junction City, Kan.

267TH AERO SQDRN.—4th annual reunion, Beardsley Hotel, Champaign, Ill., Sun., May 30. Lee Stonebraker, secy., 1106 W. Daniel st., Champaign.

75TH Co., 6TH REGT. MARINES—Reunion, July 14-17, William Penn Hotel, Pittsburgh. Write C. L. Kelly, Patton, Pa.

83N Co., 6TH REGT. MARINES—Reunion in conjunction with 2d Div. reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa., July 14-17. Hq. at William Penn Hotel. B. Steve Schwelke, 1232 Bellevue av., Los Angeles, Calif.

U. S. S. President Lincoln—19th annual reunion and dinner at New Willard Hotel, Washington, D. C., May 30-31. Harvey Carter, 17 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City.

MICHIGAN NAVAL MILITIA, 7 and 8TH DIVS.—All men on U. S. Naval Rifle Ranges and U. S. Naval Railway Batteries, 20th reunion to be held in Ann Arbor, June 18-19. Ward D. Peterson, 122 N. Fourth av., Ann Arbor, Mich.

A. T. O. S. Cargo Div.—All vets. interested in forming organization and in proposed publication of outfit history, report to F. A. Hanley, ex-U. S. S. Lakeport, care of Post Office, Albany, N. Y.

VETS. OF A. E. F. SIBERIA—Reunion in conjunction with Calif. Legion Dept. convention, Stockton, in August. Claude P. Deal, 2035 N. Highland av., Hollywood, Calif.

NATIONAL YEOMEN F—3d annual reunion dinner, New York Room, Radio City, New York City, May 14. Mrs. Irene M. Brown, Room 2307, 25 Broadway, New York City.

JOHN J. NOLL  
The Company Clerk

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

WHEN PURCHASING PRODUCTS PLEASE MENTION THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY

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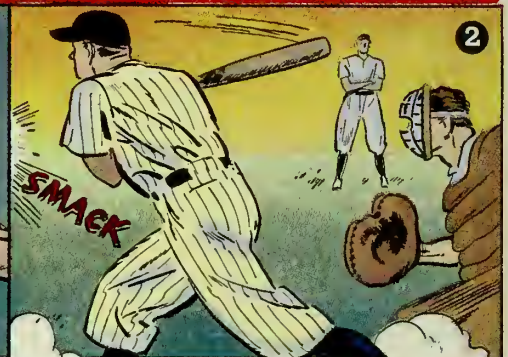
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**LOU GEHRIG** holds more records than any other player in the game today. He has knocked 4 home-runs in one game—scored 100 or more runs and batted in 100 or more runs for 11 consecutive seasons.

**HOME-RUN KING!** Gehrig topped the American League for home-runs in 1934 and 1936. His follow-through is shown above. It takes healthy nerves to connect, and, as Lou says: "Camels don't get on my nerves."

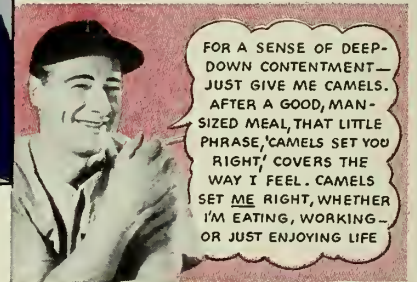
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**HERE'S LOU'S FAVORITE BAT** and his favorite first baseman's mitt. His bat is especially made. He wears out two mits a season. Last year, his brilliant play at first base was only 6/1000ths short of PERFECT.

**X MARKS THE SPOT** where once there was a thick juicy steak smothered in mushrooms—Lou's favorite dish. Lou eats what he wants and isn't bashful about coming back for "seconds." In Lou's own words: "I've found that smoking Camels and eating go together naturally." Choose Camels for your cigarette. Smoking Camels at mealtime and afterward speeds up the flow of digestive fluids. Alkalinity is increased. Thus Camels give you a delightful sense of well-being... they set you right! So make it Camels—they are so mild.

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